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Belief, Customs & Ceremonies

(Beliefs to be taken
from Chinese Customs
& Beliefs)

Chinese stories in two
letters of Jan (appended)

~~Manuscript III~~

~~Chinese Life in America as seen through
the eyes of a Chinese-American~~

Chinese Society in
Letters of J. J. (continued)

CHINESE

KONG CHOW TEMPLE

There are many temples in Chinatown. Kong Chow Temple, the oldest temple, is located at 520 Pine Street, between Grant Avenue and Kearney Street. More than eighty years ago, this temple was owned by the Kong Chow Family Association for their dependable financial resources. Before the Chinese Republic was born, this temple was rented to the people for \$15,000 a year. Kong Chow Temple is also known in Chinatown as Quan Dai Temple. Quan Dai was the name of a person who was the bravest, most intelligent, honorable, and beloved military leader in Sam Kuo Dynasty. Because of his bold personality, the Chinese people worship him as their future protector. Every year on May 13, his disciples offer him a feast in the temple with chickens and roast pigs, burning candles and incense in order to celebrate his birthday. Each attendant at this celebration has to give a "lee see" (a red paper wrapped with coin in a certain amount) to the temple keeper; it means good luck to everyone.

The temple is built in Chinese style, inside it is decorated with red paper writing in Chinese. Red paper means "luck". A big idol, Quan Dai, dressed in beautiful clothes, with scarf around his neck, his huge hat with its two feathers on each side of the back, is set up in a very beautifully hand-carved wooden box painted with shining gold. This box cost

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more than five hundred dollars. A big fan and a hand-woven silk umbrella are beside the wooden box. A long table was set up in front of the idol with a big nickel bowl, for burning incense, between a pair of candle stands.

Besides the Quan Dai idol there are many other idols in the temple, such as earth god, door god, etc. All these idols are decorated alike. An iron bell is hung on the left wall and everyone must strike the bell three times before he bows down to pray.

Many visitors come to visit the temple every year. It is an interesting sight to the visitor, especially to those who are interested in the religion of the Chinese in America. As we understand, such in believing of gods, has only rooted deeply in the mind of the Chinese older generation. But most of the younger generation are not worshiping such a thing any more. The reason: "According to the facts," the temple keeper said, "because first they are modernized by education; and second, the scientific inventions have forced them to believe the reality of life of human society".

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Shee Dang Sarn looked at the woman and he knew that he could never love her. But, in order to get his freedom, he answered, "I will marry you."

So the old woman freed him and when he was free, Shee Dang Sarn exclaimed, "No, I won't marry you. Why should I marry a coarse and rough woman like you? I can get many who are superior to you both in age and in looks!" The old mountain woman was taken aback and she gave orders that the young warrior was to be tied up again.

Now this old mountain woman was married, married to an ugly old man. And after she saw the young man, she wanted to get rid of her old husband. But when she approached her husband and told him that she was going to marry the young man, he answered, "If you marry that young soldier, I will see to it that his whole family is destroyed completely." However, she paid no attention to him, for she knew that she was gifted with magic power and could change herself into whatever form she chose.

Since her husband would not give his consent, Fung Lay Fa, that was her name, killed him so that she could marry Shee Dang Sarn. Shee Dang Sarn, however, had told the old woman that he would not marry her. But Fung Lay Fa recaptured him and made him take a vow that he would marry her. So Shee Dang Sarn took a vow, saying, "I promise that if I do not marry you, you can hang me with a rope under the open sky."

Only after this promise did Fung Lay Fa let him go free. But when he was free again, Shee Dang Sarn refused to keep his vow. And so

once more he was captured. This time Fung Lay Fa suspended Shee Dang Sarn by a rope over a mountain ravine. Then she changed herself into a white mouse and gnawed slowly at the rope. As it was about to break, she let herself down and said to Shee Dang Sarn, "Marry me now, or I shall chew this rope into two parts and you will be dashed to pieces."

And so, trapped, Shee Dang Sarn finally consented and Fung Lay Fa and Shee Dang Sarn became man and wife. They combined their forces into one large army and continued their wars on other peoples.

One day, in the midst of a heavy battle, Fung Lay Fa suddenly thought of her former husband, and her thoughts sank into the unborn baby in her womb. The months passed and Fung Lay Fa gave birth to a son and they named him Shee Gong.

This Shee Gong grew up, and one day he became drunk and shouted in a loud voice, so loud that the vibration of his voice shook the imperial palace in which the king lived. The young prince was thrown to the floor and killed. A search was immediately made for the one who had caused this catastrophe, and it was discovered that Shee Gong was the culprit. So all his family, all his cousins and all his distant relatives were arrested and their heads were cut off. Thus did the prophecy of Fung Lay Fa's former husband come true.

The only one who escaped was Shee Gong and he went into the mountains to live with a robber band. Months passed and then one day Shee Gong returned to his former home. There he met an old man and told him that if he could identify the bones of his father and mother, he would be well rewarded. The old man helped Shee Gong. They dug up their bones and Shee Gong paid his respects to his dead father and mother. The old man who had identified the bones was given money and many treasures.

THE SON WHO LIKED TO GAMBLE

Once there was a mother and her son who lived together in a modest little house in the village, for they were poor people and the father was dead. The son was a good son, but he had one fault; he was always gambling. Now it so happened that in the beginning he always won and so the gambling habit got the better of him. There was nothing that the mother could do about it. Besides, he brought home the money he won and this helped to buy food, clothing and the other necessities of life. Although he lost all he had at times, his winnings were so frequent that in the end he always had a profit.

On New Year's Eve he was returning home late at night when, as he passed a certain building, he heard strange sounds within. Because of the late hour such sounds were unusual and therefore suspicious. He looked at the building and saw a faint light coming through a crack. He could not, however, see much by peeping through this crack, so he made his way to the roof and peered down through a window. He saw two women butchering a man. The man was naked and the women were cutting him up with repeated slashes of the big knives which they held in their hands. They were so busy cutting up the dead body that they did not hear the man on the roof or suspect that anyone was peering down at them.

The gambler saw the face of the dead man and recognized it as that of the richest man in the village. And he overheard one of the women say to the other, "We are rich now, and will not have to slave and work all our lives."

"You are right," the other woman replied, "we are rich now."

"Oh, why didn't we think of doing this sooner?" said the first woman.

"Yes, why?"

"I feel sure that no one will ever find out what we have done."

"Let's hope that that is so."

"Here's to our luck!"

"To our luck!"

Then the son saw the women lift up a section of the floor, throw the pieces of the body into the hole and replace the section, covering up the hole. The floor looked as though it had never been disturbed, so cleverly had the section been put back. Then the women went into another room.

Up on the roof the man suddenly began to shiver. While he had been watching the women cutting up the body he had been paralyzed with amazement and horror, but now as he realized what had taken place before his eyes, he suddenly grew afraid. If those murderous women were to find him there on the roof they would certainly murder him too. Quickly he made his way to the ground and ran home, with the feeling that the two women were following him. He went straight to bed and pulled the covers tightly over his head. He was cold with fear.

The next morning, as it was the New Year, the boy got up early. He decided to go out and gamble. Perhaps he would make enough money for his mother to celebrate the New Year. Luck was with him and from early morning until night he won and his winnings piled up high. Early in the evening he heard a rumor that a certain rich man was missing and

could not be located. Later that evening there was talk that the rich man had probably been murdered. The son remembered the scene he had witnessed the night before and he knew that he had seen the rich man the people were talking about, murdered. He hastily bade his friends goodbye and went home.

When he opened the door he found a stranger there. His mother said to him, "Here is a stranger who has just arrived in town and, since it is late, I have invited him to stay for the night."

The son looked at the man and saw that he had a kind face. Then he gave the mother the money he had won and the mother bought chickens, ducks and other good foods and wine. And that evening they had a feast to celebrate the New Year. After awhile the mother became drunk and talked a great deal and the son too, became loquacious. The stranger learned that the son was a great gambler and that he rarely lost. The son drank more and more wine and soon arrived at such a state of inebriety that he told everything. He told about the murder he had witnessed and he told who had done it. The stranger, who was an official from the other side of the village, listened attentively, but in no way betrayed to the mother or to the son what was his business.

Soon all three were drunk and the mother suggested, "Why should not you and my son become godbrothers. You seem to be a good man, one who is honest and just."

And the stranger answered, "And why not?"

Then the stranger asked, "Why does not your son get married?"

To this the mother replied, "Do not mention the word woman to him. He does not like it."

The son interposed, "No woman for me!" And he thought of the two women and he knew how vicious and cruel women could be.

That night the stranger slept with the son and they fell asleep immediately from the effects of the food and wines which they had eaten and drunk. In the early morning the son woke to find that the stranger was not in bed with him, and he wondered to himself where the stranger had gone. He woke up his mother, but she had not seen him go either.

In a daze the son now remembered some of the things that had happened; that he had been drunk and possibly had talked too much. He grew frightened and thought to himself, "He must think that I did it." That day he did not go out of the house. Not once did he go out to gamble. His mother noticed his strange behavior and asked, "What is the matter with you?"

Shaking like a leaf he said, "Nothing is the matter with me." Nevertheless his voice sounded strange, even to himself.

Late in the afternoon he heard that the two women had been arrested and taken to jail. Suddenly the door was opened and two men entered. "We have orders to arrest you," they said.

"But why?" the son demanded.

"We are to arrest you, that is all we know."

"But I didn't kill him," the son shouted frantically, "I only saw it from the roof."

The two guards, however, paid no attention to what he said and took him away. He was taken before the judge. To his surprise he recognized

in the judge the stranger who had slept with him the night before. "If it had not been for the information you gave me last night," the judge told him, "perhaps we would never have succeeded in finding the murderers. But, thanks to you, we captured them."

The son listened with surprise and awe and since he did not know what to say, he said nothing. Then the judge gave him a large sum of money, and the son settled down and bought a little store which he and his mother kept. He never returned to his gambling ways, and he and his mother lived happily ever after.

THE MAN WHO LOVED JEWELS

There was once a school teacher who so loved jewels that his one desire was to get possession of them in any fashion he could. Whenever he got any money he spent it for jewels which he added to his already large collection. Year by year, his store of precious stones and golden trinkets increased and still he was not satisfied with what he had. His one ambition was to be the owner of the largest collection of jewels in the world, and he looked forward eagerly to the day when this would be true.

One day, to his surprise, he discovered that the wife of his next-door neighbor was also the possessor of great quantities of jewels. Because of this common interest a friendship began between them. Often they would visit each other and each would display his collection. Now after the school teacher saw the jewels of his neighbor, he wished to have them for himself. Yet he could not think of any way by which to get possession of them. Nevertheless, day after day he hoped and prayed that somehow, some day, he would get them.

One day the woman died. The school teacher rejoiced secretly, for he thought that at last some way might develop by which he could acquire what he so greatly desired. On the day the coffin was brought into the woman's house, he thought to himself: "Perhaps the jewels will be buried with the dead woman. I must keep close watch and then when the times comes, perhaps I shall know what to do." So he kept

careful watch of his neighbor's house. He never let his eyes wander from the window.

Finally, one evening, the coffin was carried to a nearby hill and there deposited in the earth. The teacher was convinced that the jewels were buried with the dead woman, and so he decided to dig the coffin up late that night, take out the precious jewels, and then put the coffin back so that no one would suspect him. In the darkness of night, he crept silently toward the cemetery, and working quickly with a spade, soon dug up the wooden box that contained the body of the woman. He worked with enthusiasm, fired with desire to acquire the precious stones.

The lid of the coffin creaked open. He peered inside and saw the body of the woman sleeping peacefully. Feverishly he searched, but there were no jewels. As he was about to put back the lid, the corpse suddenly came to life and sent out a piercing scream. It jumped from the coffin, its clutching fingers extended toward the man. He dashed down the hill, not daring to look back, and ran toward his home. He could feel the corpse behind him, coming closer every moment. Into his house he rushed, breathless and numb with fear. The ghost was close behind him and with a sudden sweep of her long fingers, she clutched the terrified man. Holding him thus, she led him straight down to hell.

And so the teacher died tragically, because of his great love for jewels.

THE GIRL WITH THE SCAR

Once, long ago, there lived two men who were very close friends. One of them had a son who was only two years old, but the father wished to have him betrothed, so that when the boy was grown up, he would have a wife ready for him. Now the father of the boy often said to his friend, "If only you had a daughter, then my son and your girl could be betrothed and when they married, our blood would be united and our friendship be still more secure." And the friend would answer, "Alas, it is my misfortune that I have never been blessed with a girl. Boys I have many, but girls, none." Thus would the two men discuss the matter.

Then there came the time when the friend was to become a father again, and he hoped with all his heart that, this time, he would be the father of a girl. In the late hours of the night the child was born. It was a girl and the father of the newborn child exclaimed to the father of the boy, "At last our hopes are fulfilled. I am this night blessed with a girl child. Let us betroth your son and my daughter immediately, and when they become of age, they will become man and wife." So the two men chuckled to themselves, and they spent the night drinking wine in celebration of the happy event that was to come.

The years rolled by, and neither the boy nor the girl knew that they had been betrothed when they were infants. The boy grew up to

be sturdy and strong, and the girl to be fair and beautiful. Thus they lived on, unconscious of the fact that they were betrothed.

Finally there came the day when the boy became a man, and the father called him to him and said, "My son, the hour has come for you to know the secret that has been happily concealed in my heart these many years. You have become of age now, and the time has arrived for you to take a wife."

On hearing what the father said, the son replied, his face suddenly hot and red, "My father, I too have been thinking of that, and there is a certain girl whom I greatly admire. Let me have your consent, and I will take her for my wife."

And the father, startled at his son's reply, made answer quickly, "But my son, your marriage was already arranged when you were but a child. It is the custom to do this and you, my son, must obey what your elders plan for you."

The son, hearing this, felt his anger rising within him, and he replied hotly, "To such a thing I will not consent. When I take a wife, she shall be one of my own choice."

The father argued with his son, but the son was a stubborn person, and argue and plead as he would, the father could not persuade him to consent to his wishes. And so the matter rested. Finally the son decided that he must rid himself of this girl to whom his father had betrothed him. So one day, acting secretly lest he be detected, he called a beggar to him and said, "Rid me of the girl that my father want me to wed and I shall reward you handsomely."

And when the man heard this, he replied quickly, "I will do anything you ask me if I am to get money in return. Tell me, and I will see to it that it is done."

And the son said thus, "Rid me of the girl in whatever way you wish. Only see to it that she never knows that it is I who have sent you to harm her."

The man went about his task carefully, for he was a poor man and did not want to fail in what he had to do. So, on a certain night, he entered the house where the girl was living. Creeping silently, his hands holding a knife, he made his way into the room where she was sleeping. Then, holding his knife high, with all his strength he let fall a heavy blow on the head of the sleeping girl. She did not move, but lay still like one dead. The beggar, thinking that he had killed her, was satisfied with what he had done, and ran out of the house and came before the son and said, "I have done as you told me. I have rid you of the girl."

And the son was glad and handed money to the beggar and said, "You have done well. Go then and be silent."

Now, although the girl was badly hurt, she was not dead. In the late hours of night, she regained consciousness and lay tossing from side to side on her bed, moaning with pain. The father, hearing her moans in the night, came into his daughter's room and found her near death, with blood streaming from a deep cut on her head. He spent the night at her bedside, nursing the wounded girl. When morning dawned, the girl, although greatly weakened, was alive. Later, when

the cut was healed, there remained a large scar on the forehead of the girl, a scar so prominent, so ugly, that no one wished to be seen with the girl because of it.

Months later, the father again said to his son, "Have you changed your mind about marrying a girl other than the one I have chosen? If you marry as I have planned it, I am certain that you will have no regrets."

To this the son said quietly, "I have heard that the girl you want me to marry has an ugly scar on her head. Others have told me about her, and I am certain that she would not be a good person to have for a wife."

"A scar on her head?" the father said, astonished. "I have not heard of it." And when he had learned the truth, he came back and said to his son, "Alas, it is true what you have said. I have broken the engagement between you two, and you are now free to marry whomever you desire."

At this time great trouble arose in the land. Robbers and pirates came through the villages looting, and families became separated in the confusion. Among those who were caught in the maelstrom, were the boy and the girl with the ugly scar. Their parents were killed by the bandits, and thus the two found themselves alone.

About this time the girl realized that unless she got a husband soon, she was doomed to live her life in loneliness. And then one day, she discovered, to her surprise, that by combing her hair in a different way, she was able to hide the ugly scar from sight.

Now the boy became acquainted with this girl, but he did not know that she was the same girl he had once hired a beggar to murder. He fell madly in love with her and one day, unable longer to watch and adore her from a distance, he sent a go-between to the girl to arrange a marriage between them. When the go-between told the girl that there was one who wished to have her for a wife, she wept to herself, "At last I am to be wedded. These long years I have waited so patiently, and now the day has come for me to become a wife." And she prepared herself in readiness for the day, not knowing that the one she was going to marry was the boy to whom she was betrothed when she was a child.

At last the day came and the girl became a wife. That evening when the husband went into the bedchamber to see her, he saw that she had a large, ugly scar on her forehead. And now he realized that he was married to the same girl of whom he had once wished to rid himself.

And so the two were married, just as their parents had intended them to be.

THE UGLY GIRL

Once upon a time there was a girl who was very ugly and awkward. Always she bemoaned her lot, grieving and fretting about her looks, and longing to be beautiful and graceful like other girls.

One day she heard of a black-faced woman with magical powers, who, among other gifts, possessed the power of changing ugly girls into beautiful ones. That very day she made her way to the house of this magic-working woman and said, "I hear that you possess the power of changing ugly girls into beautiful one. I pray you, make me beautiful like other girls."

The black-faced woman said, "Well and good, but remember that beauty is not always happiness. However, if you really wish to be beautiful, listen carefully to what I say. Here are three drops of magic water. Use one drop to wash your face and one to remove ugly spots and growths. The last drop you must swallow."

The ugly girl took the three magic drops and did as she was told. And soon she became beautiful, so beautiful, indeed, that her fame spread all through the land, for there was none like her.

Shortly after this it happened that the old king fell sick. The doctors decided that he would die unless he drank a broth made from the heart of the most beautiful girl in the country. Men were accordingly sent to all parts of the kingdom to find and bring back to the king's doctors, the most beautiful girl.

Now as the king's men came near the region where the beautiful girl lived, she became frightened for her life. So she took refuge in the temple of the goddess Goon Yim. Suddenly the black-faced woman appeared. The beautiful girl ran to her, knelt and begged, "Save my life. Change me back into what I was. The beauty that you gave me will be my death at the hands of the king's men."

"When you came to me first, you thought you were too ugly to live. Is it possible that you now consider yourself too beautiful to live?" asked the black-faced woman scornfully.

But as she watched the cowering, terrified girl, her heart softened and she said kindly, "Here are three more drops of magic water. Use them as you did the others."

The girl obeyed and became her ugly self again. From that day on she never bewailed her fate or longed to be beautiful.

THE FAITHFUL SON

Long ago there was a poor farm boy who had very little respect for his mother. No matter how hard the mother tried to please him, the son always found fault with her and scolded her. If the food did not please him, he complained and scolded her and if she carried the rice to the fields too late, he beat her with his strong, brown hands. Long tedious hours he spent outdoors in the open fields, caring for the rice plants, the cows and the other animals. Although he was a disrespectful son, he did perform his work well.

One evening the son was feeling more irritated than usual. The day was hot and he was exhausted by his work. When the time drew near for the rice to be brought to him, he waited for it eagerly. The mother was getting along in years and sometimes the long distance between the fields and the house was almost too much for her. This evening she arrived late and when the son saw her, he said, "I have worked long hours and my stomach is empty. Why do you take such a long time in coming? Am I to starve every evening?"

And the mother replied, "My son, I am getting along in years. I am not as active as I used to be. My steps are short and unsteady now and so sometimes I am late."

The boy was angered at his long waiting, so he picked up a stick and with it beat his mother until she wept loudly and rushed across the fields toward a farm house. As a rule, because of her age, she

accepted her treatment in silence, but this time she could stand it no longer.

One evening, as the son was working in the fields, his attention was attracted by a small bird. Up above, in a tree, he saw her feed in her little ones with great care and devotion. He saw her carrying wriggling worms in her beak and placing one in the mouth of each of the little ones. As the farm boy watched, suddenly a great pain came into his heart. He thought of his mother and of how he had treated her these many years, the mother who cooked his meals for him every day and who had endured all kinds of hardship to rear him. And he began to weep and exclaimed, "My mother, why have I treated you in such a manner?" He looked up at the motherbird again and continued to weep. "I have not appreciated the care and devotion that my mother has shown for me. This evening when she comes with the rice, I shall tell her how sorry I am for what I have done." And he wept copiously.

When evening drew near, the old mother was again late in coming to the fields. But this time the son waited for her eagerly, anxious to ask her to forgive him for all the pain he had caused her by his unfilial treatment. When at last he saw her coming, carrying the bowls of rice and hot food, he rushed toward her with gladness in his eyes. The old mother saw him coming and since her sight was poor, she did not see the gladness in her son's eyes. She thought he was coming to beat her. Frightened, she dropped the rice bowls she was carrying and retraced her steps, rushing into the evening twilight to escape to the next house. Suddenly she fell and, striking a rock, was killed.

When the son realized what had happened, he approached the dead body of his mother, weeping bitterly. "Mother, I have always been a bad son. I have mistreated you and behaved unjustly. It is time for me to change into a person of who you can be proud." There on the road he lay, weeping unceasingly, and only when morning dawned, did he stop.

Shocked and overwhelmed by the loss of his mother, the boy changed. All through the long years he wept daily and regularly and not once did he forget her. He wept until his eyes were dripping blood, until they were bruised from incessant grief. And so the years went by and he continued weeping until, finally, he cried himself to death.

During all the years that he wept for his mother, the son did not change his clothes, but remained dressed in his mourning garments, and so the robe he wore became spotted with blood and tears. After his death the people in the village took it and built a temple in which it was given a place of honor. This temple became famous far and wide. It was respected by parents who hoped that they too, might have a son as devoted as this one had been; this one who had cried himself to death; this one whose robe was given a place of honor in the sacred temple; this one who, although too late, finally learned what the loss of a mother could mean.

THE GAMBLER WITH THE MIRACULOUS NOSE

Once upon a time there lived a man named Chung. He was a great gambler. Every day his wife scolded him, "All your time, your money, your health, all you are wasting in gambling. It is time for you to change your way of life." But, alas, as is the way of husbands, he never paid any attention to his wife.

One day he lost a large amount of money. He rushed home to ask his wife to go and borrow from all her friends and relatives. Seizing her opportunity, she made him promise that he would not gamble again. When she had obtained the money for him, back he went to the gambling hall where he lost it all. Again he went home for more.

"And what do you want with money now?" his wife asked suspiciously.

"What do I want with money? Why, I am going to learn a trade. Yes, yes, that is it. I'm going to learn a trade," he lied to her gloriously. So his wife went out and borrowed more money for him to lose in the gambling hall.

Now after it was lost he was afraid to face his wife, so he prowled about the streets, trying to think of some lie that would beguile her for a while longer. Aimlessly he picked up a small piece of tin that just exactly fitted his nose. He wandered on toward home and slipped quietly in through the back door. Making no noise, he went about the house, found that his wife was away and peeped into the cooking pots to see what was cooking. He dared not eat anything and decided that

it was better policy not to be found at home just then, so he left as quietly as he had come. Soon he returned as if he were just arriving.

"What trade have you learned today?" his wife asked.

The man didn't know what to say and as he fumbled about, he thought of the piece of tin and said, "Why I have learned today to become a smelling expert. I can smell anything. If you do not believe it, just ask me to smell something."

"A smelling expert! What is that? Tell me what I have for dinner tonight if you can," said the skeptical wife.

"You have fish and vegetables and, yes, eggs. Yes, all three are on the stove now," nonchalantly said the gambler.

"Why, indeed, that is exactly what I have," the amazed wife replied.

"Ah, that is not all I can do. I can smell out lost articles," the gambler said, deciding to make a good story while he was about it.

Next day, as is the way of wives, the wife went up and down the street, boasting to all her friends of the amazing new profession of this brilliant husband of hers. And so his fame spread throughout the countryside.

One day a farmer came to the house inquiring for Chung, the man with the miraculous nose. "I have lost a very fine pig and I want him to smell out its whereabouts for me."

The proud wife went in to wake up her husband. "There is a farmer here who wants you to smell out his pig for him. Perhaps he will pay you a big reward."

The gambler husband was overcome. He didn't know what to do. He had fooled his wife to save himself, but he knew that he could not

fool other people. But putting off the evil hour, he said, "I will see the man."

The eager farmer saw nothing out of the way in Chung's behavior, described the pig in great detail and paid a deposit for its return.

Chung, the gambler, decided to take another chance and as soon as the farmer was gone, hurried to the gambling hall. He was soon deep in a game with some robber friends. One of the robbers lost a great deal of money, but had none to pay his debt. He began to tell a story about a pig that he had stolen a few days ago. As Chung listened, he realized that the goddess of luck was with him once again, for here was the farmer's pig. He told the robber that he would take the pig for the debt.

So he returned the pig to the farmer, received his payment and enjoyed the joke he had played on everybody. His fame now spread even wider.

Now about this time the king lost his jade seal, his symbol of office from the emperor. Unless he could find it, his head would be cut off. He sent men here, there and everywhere, to look for it. One of these men heard of Chung, the man with the miraculous nose, and came to ask him to help the king. Chung was frightened almost to death, for he knew that he couldn't do anything of the kind. So he said, "I would like to help the king, but I am afraid I cannot."

His wife was furious at this, "Why, you, gifted with a miraculous nose! Your king asks and you will not help him! Shame on you!"

The king then sent a messenger with an order for Chung to come to court. Now Chung was so frightened that he forgot his ceremonial manners

and went right in before the king. "Angrily the king asked," Do you not know that when you appear before the king you should make three kow-tows and nine bows?"

"All right, if you don't want me and my help, now that I am here, I will go," answered the gambler and started to walk out.

The king realized that, manners or no manners, he must have the services of this man with the miraculous nose. So he called him back and proceeded to describe the missing jade seal. There were just forty days left in which it had to be found.

"I will try to find your jade seal, but I do not know how long it will take," answered Chung. Chung now was in real trouble. He could not smell lost articles and what other men had failed to find was hidden from him too. But every day he pretended to be very busy. In his room one day he said aloud to himself, "Chung, your end is near. You cannot fool people any longer."

The king's assistant was passing the door just then and heard the remark. Now the assistant's name was Chung also, and he had stolen the king's jade. Hearing the gambler he thought that his secret was discovered. So he went into the room and said, "I know you have smelled out the jade. I will return it to you, but please bury it and then pretend to find it. Don't tell anyone that I stole it. I will give you half my fortune for your silence."

Chung, the gambler, was amazed at this confession and did not understand what had caused it. But he was quick to take advantage of his good luck. "Yes, I smelled you long ago, but I waited to see what

you would do." He then hid the jade in a wine jug, buried it and said nothing. When questioned he would say simply that he was getting a faint odor. Then one day he asked for a group of men to go to the place where he had smelled the jade.

Reaching the spot where the jade was buried, Chung, with ostentatious sniffs and puffs, directed the men to dig. They dug deep and were ready to quit, but Chung said, "Keep digging, my nose tells me it is here." So they dug till the jug and the jade were uncovered.

The king was pleased. "You are indeed miraculous. Now suppose you smell the man who stole my seal."

Chung, the assistant, was weak with fright. But Chung, the gambler, said, "I smell lost articles; I do not smell men."

The gambler was dressed richly, set on a beautiful horse, provided with great riches and sent home to his wife in his home village, where feasts were held in his honor. Then he returned to the palace of the king and was honored as the man with the miraculous nose.

THE TEACHER WHO HAD ONLY ONE PAIR OF PANTS

Once there lived in a little village an old teacher who was very poor, so poor, indeed, that he had but one long robe and one pair of underpants.

It so happened that there was to be a big wedding party in the village and the teacher was invited. At the time, however, he had just washed his only underpants and they were not yet dry. At first he excused himself on the ground of his duties, but a holiday was declared by the school. He would have lost face had he confessed that he had just washed his only pair of undergarments, so he went to the wedding party in his long robe but with nothing underneath.

At the wedding there was the usual teasing and joking. As part of the joking a group of children hid a very valuable bracelet. The loss was soon discovered and a member of the wedding party said to the company, "The bracelet has been stolen. Someone here has it and, therefore, everyone must consent to be searched." The children were in a perfect ecstasy of glee at the joke.

So the guests were lined up, the poor embarrassed teacher going to the end of the line, hoping that the bracelet would be found before his turn came. He could not leave as that would be considered a confession of theft. Since the bracelet was hidden outside the house, it was not found on any of the people searched, and the

teacher's turn finally came. As he watched everybody's long robe lifted and saw their underpants exposed, he became panicky with embarrassment and so he refused to be searched saying, "I am a teacher, I do not steal bracelets. I will not be searched."

"We can make no exceptions. We must search you too," they said.

"I cannot let you, I cannot let you," the poor embarrassed man protested.

Some of the old gossips, of course, immediately said that he must be the guilty one. The poor old teacher, shamefaced and embarrassed, escaped and rushed home and, finding his undergarments had dried, put them on quickly.

The gossip then spread that the teacher was a dishonest man and, since nobody wanted a thief teaching his children, the pupils were withdrawn one by one. The old man was finally reduced to begging.

As he wandered from place to place he came one day to a strange town and there he met a former pupil who inquired the reasons for his condition. The old teacher told him all about his unfortunate wet underpants, about the wedding and the loss of the bracelet. The belief that he was a thief had ruined his school and, since he could do nothing else for a living, he was reduced to his present condition.

Overwhelmed with shame, the pupil exclaimed, "I know where that bracelet is; I helped hide it at the wedding. Come, let us go find it." They went to the spot immediately, found the bracelet and returned it to the owner, explaining, at the same time, all

about the incident. The teacher was then restored to his position and pupils once again filled his school.

After that he saw to it that he always had two pairs of underpants.

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and pupils once again filled the school.
After that he saw to it that he always had two pairs of underpants.

THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons-in-law. One of them was a robber, one was a merchant and the third was a school teacher. Now the wandering, unstable way of life pursued by the robber son-in-law was a constant source of worry to the father-in-law, so he decided to make one last effort to have him change it.

He prepared a great feast and invited the three men. While they were all there together he said to the robber, "Here is two hundred dollars, all I have in the world. I will put it under my bed. Now if, in three days, you can get the money without waking me up or having anybody know about it, I will give it to you, but only if you will promise to give up your present way of life and choose another."

After thinking about it, the robber agreed.

That night, thinking he had a perfect plan for keeping his two hundred dollars, the father put his faithful dog near his bed and the merchant son-in-law, who was a good fighter, in the same room. The teacher he sent to sleep with the robber in the attic. He planned with the merchant and the teacher that if either of them heard the dog bark, he was to get up and beat loudly on the gong at the head of the old man's bed. The robber son-in-law, of course, heard of the plan.

The first night the robber son-in-law thought and thought, but could not devise a plan to get the two hundred dollars. The second night he thought of one and decided to try it.

That night the robber tied a pig's foot to the end of a string and let it down slowly in front of the dog who reached for it. Slowly he moved the string along a crack away from the bed. The dog followed the moving pig's foot because he wanted it very much. Thus the first danger was surmounted. Next, the robber quietly carried the sleeping merchant up to the attic. The gong he replaced with a pail of water. Then he carefully lifted his father-in-law and got the coveted two hundred dollars.

Just then the dog, having finished the pig's foot, came running into his master's room barking loudly. The noise woke the merchant and the teacher. They rushed to the gong and began to pound on it. The heavy blows splashed water all over the sleeping father-in-law who now awoke demanding the cause of the noise and confusion. The dog was still barking and the merchant and teacher running about and yelling. When they lit the candle they saw the robber son-in-law sitting quietly in the middle of the room, grinning at everybody.

"Well, my father-in-law," he said to the wet old man, "you see I got the money."

The old man, the merchant and the teacher knew it was true and that there was nothing they could do about it. So they looked at each other and knew the robber son-in-law had made fools of them all.

This time night the robber came in-law in-law, but
could not devise a plan to get the two hundred dollars. The rob-
ber might be thought of one and decided to try it.
That night the robber tied a pig's foot to the end of a string
and let it down slowly in front of the dog who roared for it.
Slowly he moved the string along a track away from the dog. The
dog followed the moving pig's foot because he wanted it very much.
Thus the first danger was surmounted. Next, the robber entered
carried the sleeping merchant up to the attic. The going he re-
sisted with a nail of water. Then he carefully lifted his foot-
in-law and got the coveted two hundred dollars.
Just then the dog, having finished the pig's foot, came running
into his master's room barking loudly. The noise woke the merchant
and the teacher. They rushed to the dog and began to look on it.
The heavy blows splashed water all over the sleeping father-in-law
who now awoke demanding the cause of the noise and confusion. The
dog was still barking and the merchant and teacher running about
and yelling. When they lit the candle they saw the robber in-law
law sitting quietly in the middle of the room, gazing at everybody.
"Well, my father-in-law," he said to the two old men, "you see
I got the money."
The old men, the merchant and the teacher knew it was time and
that there was nothing they could do about it. So they looked at
the other and knew the robber was in-law in-law in-law.

THE LOUDEST DRUM IN THE WORLD

"This is a story about the loudest drum in the world," the narrator remarked, "and although the tale is a short one, it shows how far a person will go just to win an argument."

The story begins at a time in the distant past. It begins with two men talking to each other. The first man said, "I have heard a very remarkable tale about a drum which, when beaten, could be heard all over the entire world. The sound of this drum was so clear, so distinct, that no region, however remote, failed to hear its vibrant notes. Moreover, whenever this drum was beaten, all people, as well as all animals listened to it with awe and surprise, for its sound possessed a quality that no other drum possessed. The fame of the drum thus spread far and wide. No person or animal had the courage to make a sound while the awe-inspiring notes of the instrument still lingered in the air."

"I cannot believe such a tale as that," the second man insisted when his companion was finished. "It is so fantastic, so utterly unbelievable."

"Well," said the first man, "if you do not believe it, that is because you have not enough intelligence to recognize the truth when you hear it."

This angered the other one so greatly that he said, "Well, suppose I were to tell you a story about the loudest cow in the world, would you believe me?"

THE JOURNAL OF THE LOST

"This is a story about the lost of the world," the narrator remarked, "and although the tale is a short one, it shows how far a person will go just to win an argument."

The story begins at a time in the distant past. It is a tale of two men talking to each other. The first man said, "I have heard a very remarkable tale about a dream which, when passed, could be heard all over the entire world. The sound of this dream was so clear, so distinct, that no nation, however remote, failed to hear its vibrant notes. However, whenever I told of this dream to others, as well as all animals I turned to it with awe and surprise, for its sound possessed a quality that no other dream possessed. The time of the dream was said to be wide. No person or animal had the courage to make a sound while the awe-inspiring notes of the dream still lingered in the air."

"I cannot believe such a tale as that," the second man insisted when his companion was finished. "It is so fantastic, so utterly impossible."

"Well," said the first man, "if you do not believe it, that is because you have not enough intelligence to recognize the truth when you hear it."

This angered the other one so much that he said, "Well, I want to tell you a story about the lost of the world."

To this the first man retorted, "Tell it to me and I shall give you my opinion after I have heard your story."

So the second man began, "There used to be a cow that had such a powerful voice that, whenever it opened its mouth, the sound of its breathing could be heard in every part of the earth."

Now when the first man heard this, he said, "But how could such a thing be? If, as you have just said, you do not believe my story about the loudest drum in the world, how can you expect me to believe your story about the loudest cow in the world?"

But the second man smiled and answered, "Listen, before you can have a drum you must have a skin to make it. Now that skin must come from an animal. And that animal must obviously be the loudest animal in the world, for, otherwise, how could its skin be the one suitable for being made into the loudest drum in the world? Do you now see then that before there could ever be a loud drum, there must be a loud animal to supply the skin to make it?"

The first man was puzzled and in the end, unable to find a proper answer to the story, said, "Well, I suppose you are right." And so the second man walked away, smiling to himself and proud that he had won his argument.

"I have heard your story."

So the second man began, "There used to be a man who had such

his greatness could be found in every part of the world. Now then the first man heard this, he said, "Oh, how could you be a thing like that? If, as you have just said, you do not believe in such a thing about the furthest part of the world, how can you expect me to believe your story about the furthest part of the world?"

But the second man smiled and answered, "Listen, before you can have a dream you must have a skin to make it. For that skin must come from an animal. And that animal must obviously be the furthest animal in the world, then, otherwise, how could its skin be the one suitable for being made into the furthest skin in the world? So you now see that before there could ever be a furthest skin, there must be a furthest animal to supply the skin to make it."

The first man was puzzled and in the end, unable to find a proper answer to the story, said, "Well, I suppose you are right." And so the second man walked away, smiling to himself and proud that he had won his argument.

THE MAGIC SNAKE-WIFE

"This is the way the story begins," said the narrator. I listened...

Once there stood a pagoda on a lonely and secluded hill and in the pagoda lived a female snake who had been there for thousands and thousands of years. After the proper number of years had passed, it was ordained that this snake would come into possession of great magical power. She would be able to change herself into any form she wished and to match her skill with magicians and wise men. She lived in this pagoda in order to await the fateful day when she could again venture into the world of men.

Finally the time arrived and she came to the world of men as a young and beautiful woman. No one knew that she had ever been a snake. Soon she became acquainted with an herbalist, a man versed in medicines. They fell in love with each other at first sight and were married.

One day the husband went on a long journey. When he returned he found that his wife was not in bed, but that in her place there lay a huge snake. The husband was hardly able to believe his own eyes as he saw this and as he gazed and gazed upon it aghast, he trembled and became dizzy. While he watched, he saw the snake change slowly into his young and lovely wife. He was too frightened to even stand.

The wife, calling her magic power to her aid, said, "Why, what has frightened you so?" Feebly, he replied, "The snake! I saw it on the bed." So again, using her magical power to confuse the mind of her husband, the wife pretended that she too had seen the snake. With a

would be influenced by that of his nurse-maid. She often sang to him and also taught him how to talk.

When Mr. Ging was two years old, his nurse-maid taught him how to sing by having him repeat words after her in a very rhythmical manner that would attract the attention of any child. She taught him how to read picture books. She was more of a governess to him than a nurse. She was quite fond of him because of his intelligence. As soon as Mr. Ging was four years old he was taught how to write simple words, such as man, sky, earth, sun, moon, mountain, water, ground and woods. Such words in Chinese are very simple. For example, it takes only two strokes of the pen to write the word, man. Of course, the first thing he was taught to write was his own name. The primary reader, not the first reader was taught him. The method used in teaching him was one hour of daily study combined with some sort of a game for by so doing, a child of his age would not be bored.

At the age of seven, he was sent to the usual type of village school for children (boys only). Schools of those days did not have the same facilities as those of the present century. Children usually memorized the lessons that were taught them. Then, when their turn came, they stood before the desk or table of the teacher (it might be correct to say school-master, because women did not or were not allowed

to teach school in those days, with their backs turned towards him and recited their lessons. They said them out loud, sometimes so loud that no one would catch a word of what was said. No two persons were either doing or studying the same thing at one time. One might call it a large mixed class. In some village schools, the pupils were required to supply their own desks or tables and stools or chairs. Mr. Jing studied the nine elementary readers, composition and the philosophies of Confucius and Mencius. He spent seven years at this school. After that his father sent him to a private secondary school in a neighboring township. Here he took up advanced mathematics, general science, elementary business and the regular required subjects until he was eighteen years old.

Not very long after he finished his secondary school studies, his parents wanted him to marry the girl to whom they had betrothed him two years before. It was the tradition and custom of Chinese parents in those days to do the matching and choosing of husbands and wives for their children. Often, such arrangements were made without the knowledge of the contracting parties. If such practices seem ridiculous to the modern Americans they should refer back to the customs and conventions of the two generations before they were born. There were similar practices in America in

the 60's, 70's and the 90's. So, Mr. Ging had nothing to say in the matter, and had to obey his parents' wishes by going through with the matrimonial venture.

In 1898 a daughter was born to his wife. A girl as a first born was not at all desired, but he had to take it as Fate's wish. In spite of this fact, his parents and he celebrated the event by inviting a few relatives and friends to small dinner banquets.

Now that he considered himself an adult and had domestic responsibilities, he realized that he must support his own immediate family and must not depend upon his parents for pecuniary assistance. Thus, he went to consult a maternal uncle of his who had just returned from Sydney, Australia. He made his money by working in the sheep raising business. Mr. Ging asked him which was the best place for one to seek opportunities, and was advised to try either of the continents, Australia or America.

In 1899 Mr. Ging borrowed seven hundred dollars from his maternal uncle. He gave three hundred dollars to his wife as a reserve fund for future expenses while he was away for he didn't know when he would make any money to send home for the support of his family. With the remainder of the loan he bought a passage on a schooner bound for Australia.

In the spring of the same year, he started for the port

of Hong Kong. Before he started his journey in quest of opportunities his wife went to the village shrine or temple to pray. She begged the God of the Seven Seas to look after and to protect her dear husband on his trip across the Pacific Ocean. When all these religious rites were completed, Mr. Ging left his wife and daughter behind and started for Hong Kong. From there he went aboard a seven masted schooner and sailed for Australia. He arrived at his destination in October after many unpleasant and exciting experiences. The ship landed in Sydney and there he was met at the landing by one of his cousins. A job on the sheep ranch was found for him. To start with, he received twenty dollars monthly wages. Mr. Ging worked at this job for a year. His work was satisfactory and subsequently his pay was increased several times. The climate did not agree with him very much, so he gave up this job and went to California.

In 1901 he arrived in San Francisco and was met at the pier by another uncle of his. Two months after his arrival he found a job in a Chinese drug (herb) store as a porter. In the beginning he was paid less than what he received at his first job. He was gradually promoted from porter to herb checker. His duty was to check over the prescriptions after they were filled. At this job he received thirty-five dollars a month. Gradually he was taught how to fill pre-

scriptions. Before he was given this promotion he had to learn all the herb names. He had to know how to identify them and also to know where each herb was located. In the Chinese drug store, the drawers which contained the herbs were not labeled, and he had to study the herbs carefully and remember where they could be found. As soon as he could do those things efficiently and without mistakes, he was promoted to prescription clerkship. His pay was increased to seventy-five dollars a month, and seventy-five dollars in those days was very good pay. He was paid such an amount because his position was a responsible one. He kept this job for twenty years, and during this period he bought a small interest in the business. During the period of twenty years he made two trips back to China to see his own family and parents and in 1921 he brought his family to San Francisco.

One year after that he opened a little drug store of his own. At the opening of his business he advertised in the papers that if anyone wanted to have a prescription filled but had no money, a prescription would be filled free of all charge. This method of advertising gave him a good start in his new business. During the first nine months his business increased rapidly. In the third year he had the store enlarged and hired more competent employees. Within ten years

he had made about \$48,000. He also
cines. His Chinese customers came
United States.

In 1927 he bought some lands and had
and these he rented out as tenements. In 1929 he
speculate in stocks. In the first seven months he
bout \$90,000. When the second stock crash came in
1929 he was caught without any warning, and consequ
lost about \$75,000. After that the depression began, and
his business slowed down a bit. People in general were out
of employment, all of his tenants were not paying their rent
regularly, the mortgages on his properties were not paid and
finally they were attached.

Then in 1934 he added a new service to his business for
out-of-town customers. That service consisted in buying com-
modities for his customers and then charging a certain per-
cent commission on the amount of goods purchased. In this
manner he made some money.

Mr. Ging is the father of one daughter and three sons.
The daughter married a Chinese government official. His old-
est son is chemist for a textile factory in China. The sec-
ond son is an instructor in aeronautic photography for the
aeronautic division of the Chinese army at Canton, China.
The youngest son is a student at the Canton Christian College

The Grateful Cow.

Once upon a time, many years ago, there was a cow who had out-lived her usefulness. So her owner led her toward town one afternoon thinking he might get a little money from the butcher. On the road he met the teacher of the town who stopped to speak to him and asked, "What are you doing leading your cow along like this?"

"I am leading her to market. Perhaps I can sell her for she is of no further use to me. The butcher may buy her," replied the old man.

The cow heard and understood what her owner had said and great tears rolled down her face. Seeing the tears the teacher said, "Sell her to me, I shall let her live out her life. I shall never kill her."

The teacher bought the cow and led her to his home and painted her hoofs red so that everyone would know her. He took good care of her and became very fond of his pet. The cow with red hoofs lived on contentedly.

When at last the cow died, the teacher took great care in burying her. Every year at the Festival of the Dead he would go to the grave, to weep there and offer food for the spirit of his dead friend.

Many years after the teacher became very ill. The old pulse-reading doctors came, looked at him, shook their heads and said, "It is the will of nature. He is suffering

from an incurable disease."

One night, as he lay sick, the teacher had a dream. He felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into the earth. Down, down, down, he went till he came to the shore of a river. It was a pleasant place and he enjoyed himself walking about and looking around. After a while he crossed the river and wandered off. But when he tried to retrace his footsteps he could not find the way and he became frightened. Just then a cow with red hoofs began chasing him. Headlong he ran on, heedless of direction with only one thought in his mind, to get away from the cow who was pursuing him.

Finally he came to a river but he could not cross. Just then the cow lowered her head and pushed him across.

When he awoke, he found himself and his bed wet with perspiration. His mother asked what had happened. When he told her his dream she said, "It is a good sign. The cow with the red hoofs remembers you for all that you did for her and she has saved your life."

Next morning the teacher was better and stronger. Every day he grew better and he often thought of the cow with red hoofs and was grateful. He was fully repaid for all that he had done for the cow.

We do not blush or feel embarrassed because someone mentions nudists. As someone said, "Why is Carnera a nudist?" The answer is "Because he fought Baer." It's an old joke, but it will do.

It is a little hard to imagine a Chinese who do not speak or write Chinese. But there are some who fit into this certain class. Even the parents do not speak Chinese. Or to be more exact, they speak very little Chinese.

Five years ago a certain Chinese teacher said that five years from then it will be impossible to teach the Chinese language to the Chinese children. The five years are up. But the Chinese children are still being taught. So what?

We are taught by our parents when we were small that no one of us could be of any value unless we know the Chinese language. And that no matter how much English we knew, it was not important.

Evidently the story about this family is a modern story.

They speak English at home. The mother, the sons, the daughters, and even the little brother speak English. The only time that Chinese is spoken is when the father talks to the family.

The father is born in China. The mother is born in America. All the sons and daughters are born in America.

The father is forty two years of age. The mother is thirty eight. The oldest child is sixteen. The youngest child is five.

The father when he was young did not believe in marriage. When he was a young man he was interested in girls. His parents called him bashful. He was not a very strong boy. And he did not have much vitality and strength to enjoy parties or games that the friends of his indulged in. The only pleasure that he enjoyed was reading books. He did not go outdoors much. And everybody spoke of him as a homely sort of person. But as he grew up he seemed to change. Girls held a sort of fascination for him. He mingled with them rather awkwardly at first but then he began to get accustomed to them. Like every other boy his boyhood was one of study and concentration. And he came over to America when a young man to work.

Here he met a girl and love began to bloom. They were married after a one year's acquaintance. Two years later their first baby was born. And they did not name the baby with old fashioned Chinese name either. The baby had a simple American name.

At this time was working. At a restaurant in Alameda he worked there for many years. He left the house early in the morning and did not come back till later in the night. Two years after the first baby was born another baby was born. This time a girl. The third child is a girl and the youngest child is a garçon. (boy)

Like everyone of the Chinese children, they all had the beginning of their education at the Lincoln school.

Today the oldest boy is in High School. He will graduate in two years.

This oldest son is a sport enthusiast. He excelled in football, in baseball, in fact, in all varieties of sport. He joined a special athletic club. And this club travelled around the country once in a year. Not so long ago he traveled to some of the important cities to join in some athletic celebration.

Every week end he had friends up to his house. They played auction and contract bridge. They played blackjack, hearts, rummy and can you imagine--they played old maid. The boy could not play Chinese dominos or mah jong. If he only knew what he is missing, he will learn that game right away.

Today the father is working at Alameda in a bar.
(the aftermath of prohibition.)

The father is a great hunter. Also a great fisherman.
Every Sunday he went into Sacramento or somewhere near
there to fish. He owned a ranch near that section.

Today he is a great sportsman. There is hardly a week
that which he does not go away to the outdoor life.

As we said before, the early childhood of this man was
rather an unpleasant one. He was self conscious, homely
and fragile. People made fun of him.

His mother used to say to him that he would never
amount to anything because he was so timid and afraid of
people. It was very hard on a boy to have people laugh at
him everytime. It took him years to live down his fear.

As he said, "When I was a boy I never seemed to belong
to the family. I was apart from it. All during my child-
hood I was ridiculed and laughed at by my brothers and
sisters. Everybody looked down upon me as good for nothing.
Once my mother said I should have been born a girl. Of
course, all these things happened long ago when I was quite
small. It soon got so that whenever anyone came to the
house I hid in a corner. Whenever there were any parties
or celebrations I never attended.

In school I was quiet and just sat in my seat and folded my hands. I was just a wall flower. Even when I was growing up I never lived down my fear of people. I felt whenever I went out that people were staring at me from the back. I never went out with the crowds because I felt that they would not like me to go.

"I remembered my mother used to laugh at me and say that I would never be able to get a wife. And my brothers used to say that if I did have a wife I wouldn't know what to do with it.

"In fact everything that I did was laughed at. My mother made fun of me because she always kidding. My father left me alone, he was a quiet man and always minded his own business.

"Then when I was about sixteen I fell sick. Sick for a long time. I almost died from the result of it. After my recovery I was not very strong. I remembered drinking those strange looking soups that my mother made. It was supposed to be good for me. It was awful in taste, but it did make me get well. When I was sick, I missed many years of school. So that I made it up at home just reviewing my old studies.

"During the time that I was sick, I learned more than if I went to school. At home nothing bothered me. It was quiet and I could concentrate and think better. Everytime that I reviewed my books I found out many important things that I previously had missed.

"I remembered my teacher used to say to the students that what we learn is not what we know, it all depends on how much reviewing work we do. I think there is a lot of truth in that statement.

"My mother always wished me to come over to this country to study. I came over and went to a few years in the English school. I did not think of going to school, that is school of higher education. College.

"After I thought I had enough knowledge of the language to see me through for the time being and I went to work. In those days almost all of the Chinese people were working in the clothes making business. All of us had jobs sewing clothes. They paid good prices in those days too. I was content because I had a job here and I thought it would last indefinitely."

Right then however he made the acquaintance of a colored girl. This girl was rather deaf and she was very very very near sighted. She was alone. It was rumored that she married a Chinese man and that the husband was in China at that time.

This colored girl was a laundrywoman. She goes around to the different families and tries to get some customers. It happened that someone recommended this girl to the man. The man, seeing that this girl was rather comical, made fun of her.

And the girl took it jokingly. Soon the neighbors purely in the mood of fun, told the colored girl that the young man loved her. She would answered, "Funny talk." But as the days continued she thought that the young man really loved her. Sometimes when she had time she went to the young man's house and cleaned his rooms for him. She ran errands for him. And a year passed by. All this time the colored girl thought that the young man really loved her.

When this man met the young Chinese girl, the colored girl got shall we say, jealous. She told the people that the young man threw her over for another girl. All this time the negro girl did not know that everybody including the young man had been leading her on and playing a joke on her.

For a long time the girl did not come around to get her laundry. She was furious.

As the man said today, "Who would marry a person who is deaf and almost blind. I had a big laugh because she took it so seriously."

After the man married, the colored girl got over her dreams. She was friendly with the man again, only this time she did not let baby cupid interfere. Often when the man and woman had parties, or celebrations, the colored girl was always invited to attend. On those days she would dress up like a Chinese and paint her face with rouge and powder until she looks like a death mask.

This woman although she was a negro do not like colored people. She considered herself as partly Chinese, why, no one knows.

She never had any negro friends at her house, only Chinese friends. Not so long ago the husband of the negro woman returned and she was extremely happy.

Today in the home as we mentioned before all of the family speak English. Only a little Chinese and yet it doesn't sound like Chinese at all.

The sons and daughters do not go to the Chinese school. (what would my teacher say if he knew this, I hate to tell.) The father talks Chinese. He speaks English only when necessary. He speaks poor English and good Chinese. The family speaks perfect English, but poor Chinese. Rather unusual.

The father is the only one who goes to the stage shows in San Francisco. The sons and daughters never go there.

Of course now if they wished to go they could not for the purpose that both of the theatres in San Francisco are closed. When they will reopen no one will know.

The family is thoroughly westernized with the possible exception of the father. Why, the mother could dance! Well, she is born in America, but it still strikes us a rather strange that she could dance.

Of course the son knows that "a stiff" is a dead man and "a soft egg" is a fool, not an egg of inferior

Completely
assimilated

A Chinese

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Doubtful

Being in America is a great education. I mentioned this in a previous article.

At least we know what the words scram, baloney, phooey, put up your dukes, kick the bucket, hotcha, and scores of other slang words mean. These words are part of the interesting "American language." I read in an article that whenever an American play is produced in England all of the slang words are printed on the reverse side of the program so that the Englishmen could intelligently understand the play. Cute, isn't it?

And in the movies we pick up many other terms that would shock the grandmothers of the olden days. Of course, Shakspeare is considered a very modern writer. (Incidentally there are many ways of spelling Shakspeare. Accordingly to Ripley there are more than two thousand ways of spelling Shakspeare. For example: Shakespeare, Shakespere and Shakspeare etc.)

I remembered ^{reading} Macbeth long ago. In a certain scene a player remarked, "What, you egg."

The most famous figure of speech that we learned is "C'm up and see me sometime." (at the same time swaying our hips)

So we nonchalantly agree that America is a land of opportunity. Believe it or not.

We do not blush or feel embarrassed because someone mention nudists. As someone said, "Why is Carnera a nudist?" The answer is "Because he fought Baer." It's an old joke, but it will do.

It is a little hard to imagine a Chinese who do not speak or write Chinese. But there are some who fit into this certain class. Even the parents do not speak Chinese. Or to be more exact, they speak very little Chinese.

Five years ago a certain Chinese teacher said that five years from then it will be impossible to teach the Chinese language to the Chinese children. The five years are up. But the Chinese children are still being taught. So what?

We are taught by our parents when we were small that no one of us could be of any value unless we know the Chinese language. And that no matter how much English we knew, it was not important.

Evidently the story about this family is a modern story.

They speak English at home. The mother, the sons, the daughters, and even the little brother speak English. The only time that Chinese is spoken is when the father talks to the family.

The father is born in China. The mother is born in America. All the sons and daughters are born in America.

The father is forty-two years of age. The mother is thirty-eight. The oldest child is sixteen. The youngest child is five.

The father when he was young did not believe in marriage. When he was a young man he was interested in girls. His parents called him bashful. He was not a very strong boy. And he did not have much vitality and strength to enjoy parties or games that the friends of his indulged in. The only pleasure that he enjoyed was reading books. He did not go outdoors much. And everybody spoke of him as a homely sort of person. But as he grew up he seemed to change. Girls held a sort of fascination for him. He mingled with them rather awkwardly at first but then he began to get accustomed to them. Like every other boy his boyhood is one of study and concentration. And he came over to America when a young man to work.

Here he met a girl and love began to bloom. They were married after a one year acquaintance. Two years later their first baby was

born. And they did not name the baby with old fashioned Chinese name either. The baby had a simple American name.

The father at this time was working. At a restaurant in Alameda. He worked there for many years. He left the house early in the morning and did not come back till later in the night. Two years after the first baby was born another baby was born. This time a girl. The third child is a girl and the youngest child is a garçon. (boy.

Like everyone of the Chinese children, they all had the beginning of their education at the Lincoln School.

Today the oldest boy is in High School. He will graduate in two years.

This oldest son is a sport enthusiast. He excelled in football, in baseball, in fact, in all varieties of sport. He joined a special athletic club. And this club traveled around the country once in a year. Not so long ago he traveled to some of the important cities to join in some athletic celebration.

Every week end he had friends up to his house. They played auction and contract bridge. They play blackjack, hearts, rummy, and can you imagine-they played old maid. The boy could not play Chinese dominos or mah jong. If he only knew what he is missing, he will learn that game right away.

Today the father is working at Alameda in a bar. (the aftermath of prohibition.)

The father is a great hunter. Also a great fisherman. Every Sunday he went into Sacramento or somewhere near thereto fish. He owned a ranch near that section.

Today he is a great sportsman. There is hardly a week that which he does not go away to the outdoor life.

As we said before, the early childhood of this man was rather an unpleasant one. He was self conscious, homely and fragile. People made fun of him.

His mother used to say to him that he would never amount to anything because he was so timid and afraid of people. It was very hard on a boy to have people laugh at him everytime. It took him years to live down his fear.

As he said, "When I was a boy I never seemed to belong to the family. I was apart from it. All during my childhood I was ridiculed and laughed at by my brothers and sisters. Everybody looked upon me as a good-for-nothing. Once my mother said I should have been born a girl. Of course, all of these things happened long ago when I was quite small. It soon got so that whenever anyone came to ^{the} house I hid in a corner. Whenever there were any parties or celebration I never attended. In school I was quiet and just sat in my seat and fold ^d my hands. I was just a wall flower. Even when I was growing up I never lived down my fear of people. I felt whenever I went out that people were staring at me from the back. I never went out with the crowds because I felt that they would not like me to go.

"I remembered my mother used to laugh at me and say that I would never be able to get a wife. And my brothers used to say that if I did have a wife I wouldn't know what to do with it.

"In fact everything that I did was laughed at. My mother made fun of me because she was always kidding. My father left me alone. He was a quiet man and always minded his own business.

"Then when I was about sixteen I fell sick. Sick for a long time. I almost died from the result of it. After my recovery I was not very strong. I remembered drinking those strange looking soups

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[Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

And the girl ~~take~~ ^{took} it ~~jokingly~~ ^{seriously}. Soon the neighbors, purely in the mood of fun, told the colored girl that the young man loved her. She would answered, "Funny talk." But as the days continued, she thought that ~~they~~ young man really loved her. Sometimes when she had time she went to the young man's house and cleaned his rooms for him. She ran errands for him. And a year passed by. All this time the colored girl thought that the young man really loved her.

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Of course the son knows that "a stiff" is a dead man and that a "poor egg" is a fool, not an egg of inferior quality.

So we will end the story hoping that no one would give us the "razzbeery."

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for

["Chin Quong"]

In dealing with the above named Chinese gentleman let us remember something that I mentioned in an earlier article --that the Chinese people as a whole are a very cautious and peculiar class of foreigners to deal with not alone in this country but when approached by an alien in their own country.]

I had made some acquaintances in our local Chinese quarter and since it had become known that I had wrotten some articles concerning those whom I had met, it did not take long for the news of my occupation to spread amongst the older and more learned. I was regarded as a man about whom but little was actually known, and there was suspicion as to how my articles would be used. Consequently, I met with a reticence that was almost insurmountable in my efforts to contact Chin Quong.

Several Chinese had mentioned to me that this man is known to practically every Chinese in America. This statement aroused my curiosity. I obtained his address and called there, but instead of being shown to the man's apartment I was asked who it was that desired to see him and what I wanted to talk to him about. My inquisitor, I learned later, happened to be his son-in-law and a doctor of medicine. After he requested my card and telephone number, I was told that Chin Quong was not in, but that if I would return at some

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later date I might be able to see him. When I asked that my inquisitor suggest a time that I might call, I was told to come back maybe in a day or two. He did not know when Chin Quong would be in. I learned the same day that Chin was at home at that very moment.

For several days following my first unsuccessful attempt to contact my man I made trips to his residence and each time met with the same result. Meantime I contacted several of the men I had met earlier and for some unknown reason they refused to be led into any conversation relative to Chin Quong. These men were the very men who had informed me that if I could meet Chin I would get some very interesting material for study. I was about to give it up as a bad job when I decided to make one last try. Immediately as I rang the bell the latch was released and a voice from the upper landing said, "Come up, Mr. Geary." The man I met amazed me.

Chin Quong reached out his hand and took mine saying at the same time, "Welcome to my humble home". He led me to as beautiful a Chinese living room as I have ever seen and requested me to be seated. Then having seated himself, he studied my face for fully two minutes before speaking again. "You have been put to a great deal of time and trouble in getting to talk to me, but let us hope that it has not been

spent in vain." His manner of speech was slow and his English pronunciation very, very poor. He is a man of small stature and does not have the appearance of being much of a Sage. He is well preserved despite his seventy-six years and I noticed he was plainly but extremely well tailored and shod. Something told me that this little man could speak far better English than he was using at the moment. Eventually I found that he spoke better English than any Chinese I have ever listened to, either on the public platform or in private conversation.

After explaining my mission to Chin Quong and gaining his permission to ask him some questions regarding his life and that of his family I started in. In the same slow and deliberate manner he told me that according to the American calendar he is seventy-four years of age, but according to the Chinese calendar he is now seventy-six years of age. He was born in the province of Canton, in the Toisan district and his early religion was that of his father and mother, Confucianism.

Chin Quong started school at the age of seven in an almost inaccessible farming district where his father and mother owned a bamboo plantation. He remained at school for five years and at the age of twelve was compelled to take up farming along with his father and brothers. He did not like

farm work and two years later gained the permission of his parents to come to the United States with an uncle who had been to this country, and had returned to China for a visit, and with the purpose of bringing other relatives back with him to the land of opportunity and greater freedom.

At the age of fourteen Chin landed in San Francisco. The day after his arrival he was successful in getting a position as house boy with one of San Francisco's oldest and wealthiest families at a salary of one dollar per week. He was permitted to eat certain foods in the kitchen of his employer, but his clothing he had to purchase out of his one dollar a week. This arrangement was perfectly agreeable to Chin because he had foresight enough to see a future in this country and besides, he had received as remuneration from his two years' farm work only meals, a bed and one suit of Chinese clothes.

At the beginning of Chin's second year in the position of house boy his salary was raised to two dollars per week, and so adept had he become at his duties that he was made number one boy. At the beginning of his third year he received another dollar per week raise in salary and a like amount at the start of his fourth. By the end of his fourth year the yearning for his native land had become very great, and since Chin had saved enough money to go back he said--

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why not--and away he went. He remained in China for a period of two years, and during this visit he met the lady who is now his wife and the mother of his six children. It was during his second trip back to China that Chin married Mrs. Chin. A son was born to them during his stay in the United States so he made a third trip to his native land to bring his wife and the son whom he had never seen back here to the land of Promise.

He has made many trips back to China since that time, always with a longing to get there and to see his old friends and relatives and yet with that same longing to return again to the United States. Mr. Chin has always traveled back and forth to China as a steerage passenger and in the same manner as he first came to this country, with the exception that, his first passage required thirty three days, and was made aboard an old side wheeler. Mr. Chin is very desirous of making another trip to his native land right now but feels that he must forego the pleasure because there are so many of his people both in this country and in China who need their daily bread and clothing to cover their nakedness, that it would be an unforgivable sin to use money for his own self-pleasure while others were in need.

At about this point in our conversation Chin Quong began to use beautiful English and a perfect dialect. I asked

him why in the beginning he had lapsed into broken English and he told me he believed I could get a better picture of his early life if he used broken English just as most Chinese do even after they have been in the United States many, many years. He was right, for had he begun as he wound up I would never have been able to get as good a mental picture of his early life as I have now. Later during our conversation I learned that he was not entirely sure whether or not he wanted to give me much information at all, and had he decided not to talk much, it would have been much easier for him to terminate the interview in broken English than if I were meeting more as an equal with an educated Chinese.

During the five years of his early schooling in China there was absolutely no opportunity for Chin to learn anything but Cantonese. However, the very first Sunday after his arrival in America he found that a free night school was being conducted at the Congregational Church each Sunday evening, so he found a friend who could direct him to the place. There he found a teacher who having had years of experience as a missionary in different parts of China, was able to speak Cantonese fluently. They became friends and while Chin was learning English he also learned a great deal about Christianity.

He liked the religion, and so interested did he become

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that he taught it to his friends in China during his very first visit home, much to the dislike of his parents and grandparents. Even though his parents have not visited America Chin's progress and influence was so great that eventually they became Christians through his teachings at a distance of more than seven thousand miles. During his early career in school Chin ^{had} did learn that some strange religion was being taught in some isolated parts of China far distant from his father's farm, but he was too far removed from it to learn just what it was. Later in life he found that his friends had meant Christianity.

During all of Chin's many voyages he has never known what it meant to be seasick. He had no fear whatever in making his first trip to America. He said the Americans appeared to show more wonder at seeing a Chinese child in this country than he showed at the strange things he saw each day. Oftentimes the American school children would stone the Chinese boys and girls on their way to and from school. When asked if he became afraid and ran for home when these things occurred or whether he stood his ground, he replied with a smile that the American children threw the stones and then ran home and thus seldom gave the Chinese a chance to get even for the indignity they had suffered.

Chin Quong has six children, five sons and one daugh-

ter. All of the children are married. Four of the sons are in the importing business and the other son is a [medical] doctor. The daughter is married to a [medical] doctor, graduated from the University of California. All of the children have at some time or other visited China and all of them speak their father's language fluently. While the father was born in China he wants his final resting place to be right here in California.

Mr. Chin told me that the Chinese people here who are well off financially are, as a rule, fair with their countrymen who are less fortunate, but some of them are not. He knows of many instances in which poor unfortunates are compelled to work as much as eighteen and twenty out of every twenty-four hours. He is personally acquainted with some of these men and is now making an effort to get some of these unfortunates to give me a story of their true conditions [of their own free will.]

"The oldest son was married and after one year of married life he was divorced. All of us in the store knew it was inevitable because his wife was not the kind of person that could stay married long. Before the son got married, however, he made the acquaintance of a girl living around the corner.

This girl was ugly and very very dark. The girl's father said that the boy could have her absolutely free and asked for nothing in return. But the son did not wish it. The girl later returned to China and from the rumors it is said that she died from an illness.

"The wife then moved to Nevada City after her husband's death. She had a little store there. A vegetable store. Once every year during the July holidays she sold firecrackers and made enough in those few days for the entire year's rent.

"The wife was a very superstitious woman. On New Year she hung a bright new curtain on her bedroom door. She wrapped up all of the brooms and dustrooms and for one whole week of the New Year she would not clean or sweep her floor. The superstitious believed that whenever a person swept the floor during the New Year they were sweeping away gold.

"The wife would not take a trip without first consulting a god. There was an old woman living on Ninth and Webster Street who used to do that sort of work. That old woman had an old-gold god called Goon Yum. People went to her to consult her. The wife was a regular customer to this old woman. And on the birthday of the god (yes there is such a thing) and woman would bring all sorts of gifts and foods to the fortune telling woman.

"The wife was so superstitious that she had good luck signs pasted on the doors of her bedrooms and in the rooms of her sons.

"She only washed her hair on certain days. She got an old book, a sort of good luck book, which she consulted very often. If the book said that the day was not a good day to wash her hair she will wait for another day.

"The shrimps business was getting along very well. There was a certain man who was jealous of the success of the company. He came over to Oakland and started a store which also sold shrimps. He lowered his price in order to get some of the boss's business. Now the boss had made a lot of money and he too lowered his price to battle it out with the other man. But the other man lowered his price still more. And the boss again lowered his price. Soon the price of shrimps was forty cents a pound. It did sell once for sixty cents a pound. And the wholesale price was fifty cents a pound. Now the price of shrimps was lower than the former wholesale price.

"The other man was not satisfied with the damage he had done. He went to the boss customers and forced them to buy from him. Some did, other did not. Most of the customers knew the boss too well and continued doing business with him. The boss knew that something must be done before his own business will be wrecked by the other man. But before he had a chance to do what he wished, the other man's business toppled over and failed. The other man had been selling too cheap and he could not meet the expenses. As a result he moved back

to San Francisco.

"But there was no end of trouble. Another man had the idea of breaking into the shrimp business. Instead of opening a store here he had his store in San Francisco.

"Every morning he brought the shrimps over in his automobile and went to the boss own customers. He tried the same trick of lowering his prices. And once again our boss did the same. The boss knew that this could not be continued forever. Through a customer he found out the time in which the other man came to deliver shrimps. One morning he waited for him at a certain store and explained to the other man not to do it again. He said that if the other man wished to do business it was all right with him. But that he should not keep on lowering his price. The boss also told him to let the customers buy from whomever the customers wished. But the other man was very stubborn and he caused no end of trouble.

"One day the boss gave him the beating of his life. The other man was terribly hurt and a tong war was almost started. Both men were terribly hurt and a tong war was almost started. Both men were in different tongs. It was after a great deal of trouble that the matter was finally settled. Since then we have not heard as to what happened to the other man."

She concluded the story. I asked her, "Do you not find it tiresome working so long at the same job?"

"No, the fact is that whenever we have a day off I feel lonesome. I am the only one of the workers who have kept at the same job since the store opened. People come and go but I am here forever. Many who come to work but a day and then they quit. They are too delicate for this sort of work. And they are too slow for the work. And they make only fifteen cents a day. And they do not think it pays for the amount of work they put in. But I do not mind how much I make. I want to meet the people and talk to them. I have not missed a single day of work in fifteen years except once, It is rather good record to be proud of."

"Do you intend to continue this sort of work indefinitely?"

"It is hard to say. I am content with the work. My son is working besides. Even if I stay home I will have nothing to do. I am not used to being alone. I like to talk to people and make friends."

The store is completely different now. It is painted over and altered with new materials. The old woman still sits in her little corner as content as ever. Now there are only five women working there. They do not work long hours as before. Business is very very quiet. And the workers work every other day instead of daily. No rushing at all. Once in awhile customers come in and buy some shrimps. Usually a pound or a half a pound. The days of prosperity are over. By eliminating all foolish expenses it is possible to barely make a living now.

Meanwhile the old woman sits in her little corner picking, picking. The corner is her world and for fifteen years she has been there. Many more years will come and go but the old woman still lives on picking---

It was the heat of the Sahara...the temperature of the equator...the fire of hell...the taste of tabasco...the steam of a Turkish bath.

There were faces, faces dead, blue, pale and familiar. There were strange persons, tall, short, frail, strong. There were voices loud and soft, harsh and kind. There were nightmares of horses, kings, trees, bicycles.

There was a room, small and cold. The wallpaper was browned by time. On the wall hung a picture frame without any picture. The lights were turned low. And he, the boy, was turning and tossing.

The white sheet on the bed...the high pillow...the bottle of cough medicine...the hot water bottle...the nurse, so calm...the doctor speaking...his mother softly crying...the fever, rising, rising.

He turned and he turned. The fever was rising.

He heard the clattering of dishes. He heard his sister crying. He heard water running in the sink. He heard the door being opened and being shut. He heard everything and yet he seemed to not hear anything. The lights blurred. The white sheet faded away. The room turned and whirled and he turned with it. The sounds were gone. There was a ringing in his ears and he felt hot. Very hot.

"Oh. doctor, is he all right?" Then a face. "Oh, doctor!" Then another face. A familiar face. "Is he...?" Another face. The room was on fire. Flames darted from all sides. The walls were burning. Crumbling into ashes.

Dan was asleep in his room. He felt the sting of smoke in his nose. The room was dark. It was just before dawn and everything was dark. He woke up. He saw red flames in his room. The walls were on fire. He jumped out of bed, reached for his robe. He woke his brother, still asleep in the bed beside his.

"Dennis, Dennis, wake up! Fire! Hurry!"

Dennis yawned and mumbled. Suddenly he jumped up. "Fire!" He ran from the room, putting on his clothes as he ran. Dan called to him, "Wake father and mother and I'll wake Helen."

The flames were spreading rapidly through the house. The coal oil in the kitchen stove had caught fire and was burning brightly. The oilcloth on the kitchen wall was burning too.

Dan knocked at his sister's door. There was no response. The door was locked. He knocked again. He broke in the door. Helen was asleep, half-suffocated by the smoke. Quickly he took her into the open air. His father, mother, Dennis were there. All were safe.

Suddenly Dan cried out, "My dog, I forgot my dog." He rushed back into the house, a blazing furnace now. "Don't, Dan. Come back, Dan!" But Dan heard no one. He rushed

into the house. To him the house was not on fire. He must save his dog. The walls were in flames. The ceiling was falling in. A great beam crashed down. It fell just two inches from him. The beam missed him by just two long inches.

He heard Tarzan barking wildly upstairs. "Tarzan, I'm coming!" He went up the burning stairs, two steps at a time. The stairs collapsed as he reached the top. He saw the dog. His hair was afire.

With his hands Dan slapped out the fire which was burning his dog to death. "Oh, Tarzan, Tarzan," he moaned. And the dog barked and wagged his burned tail. "Come, Tarzan, let's get out." He gathered the dog in his arms. The front stairs had fallen. He could not go down that way. He ran to the back stairs. They too, had collapsed and he could not go down that way either.

He called from the window, "Dennis, I'm here at the back. Get me out of here! I'm burning! Hurry!" But no one seemed to hear him. There was no one in the yard. The people next door were still asleep. "Where is everyone?" he muttered. He called again and still there was no answer. He could not understand why. He was in the burning house and no one seemed to care. There were no fire engines insight, no spectators anywhere. He did not understand.

Smoke came into the room. The dog in his arms whined and died. Dan was choking. "Help! Help!" He coughed.

He could not see anything now. The smoke was too thick. He could hardly breathe. He tried to yell, but could make no sound. He slumped down on the burning floor. He heard the roar of the fire. He felt the heat. "I'm burning!", he screamed. Then he was quiet. He was burning. His flesh became black and shriveled.

There was no fire. And he was not burned. It was hot. Gazing about him he saw miles of white sand. Mile after mile of sand. Nothing else.

In a little, crowded town he saw many Arabs. And many, many camels. One of them looked at him and he thought that the face of the camel resembled that of someone he knew. Who, he could not tell. The faces of the Arabs were strange. They appeared black in contrast to the Arabs' white robes. Some of the men were preparing for a journey across the desert. They were packing food and equipment. Once Dan thought he saw his brother Dennis among them, but when he looked again, he was gone and Dan was puzzled.

He found himself with those who were going across the desert. The sun was blazing and the wind was hot. The sea of sand rolled toward the distance. Nothing could be seen but endless desert.

The caravan moved slowly across the white, hot sand. Dan felt as if he were walking on fire, so hot was the sand. Slowly, but steadily they went on. The glare blinded him. His eyes were burning and his head felt as if it would burst.

Once he thought that he was going to faint. He could not stand it. Yet hour after hour he walked on. He was too tired to walk any longer. Faces of Arabs moved before him. How strange they were. So ugly.

He fell. The heat of the sand seeped through his clothes. Into his flesh and bones. He tried to stand, but could not. He called to the Arabs, but camels and Arabs were gone. They had disappeared. He looked about and saw nothing but the ever-rolling white sands of the Sahara.

He was lost in the ocean of sand. Which way should he go? The sun grew hotter and hotter. Still hotter. The wind grew in velocity. It howled and it moaned. Sand swirled into the air. Dan was caught in the center of the storm. The hot sand and wind burned him like tongues of searing fire. He could not see in the fog of flying sand. He heard the howling of the wind and felt the bite of the hot sand. He felt and knew nothing else. So furiously the wind blew that he breathed only with difficulty. Once or twice he felt that he could breathe no more.

His throat was parched and dry. He longed for water. But all he saw was sand and, sometimes, the sky. The thundering storm gathered up its strength into one great breath. It almost split Dan's eardrums.

Then, quickly as it had come, the storm was gone. Before him Dan saw palm trees. Water and dates and a place for shelter. He felt he was dying from thirst, so dry was his throat. He went toward the palm trees. But he was

unable to reach them. There they were, just a few feet away, yet when he went forward he was no closer to them. He walked faster. The same thing happened. Despite his fatigue, he ran. Faster and faster he ran. The water and shelter seemed to recede more and more. He was panting for breath. His throat became so dry he could stand it no longer. He grew weak and dazed. He fell on the sand and drowsed away...the soft music of guitars came to his ears.

Palm trees lined the streets. The sun was shining. He saw men in huge sombreros, with bright shawls thrown over brown shoulders. There were girls. With long, dark lashes. Their hair was shining black and very long and smooth. Dan entered a cafe. There was dancing. Hips swayed and he saw knowing looks pass between men and women.

He was dying with hunger and thirst. He sat at a table and ordered food. The dishes they brought him were red-hot. A glass of water. He drank and gasped for breath...tabasco sauce. His eyes were burning. He felt hotter and hotter.

When he opened his eyes again he was in a Turkish bath. He was undressed. Steam rose on all sides. There were many men. Wrapped in their long towels, they reminded him of the Arabs. He was lost in the desert again. Then he was in a Turkish bath with many other men.

Suddenly he felt cold. Icy water ran down his back. He was under a cold shower. Then he was hot. He was under a hot shower. Cold. Then hot. He was hot and cold.

Hot and cold. Steam blinded him as the desert sand had done. He was afraid again.

Naked bodies of men. Tall, short, white, yellow. Bodies brushed against his. He heard men plunging into pools of cool water. He heard showers falling, falling. Still the steam rose. Suddenly he was under a hot shower. Boiling water ran down his back. Hotter, hotter.

He was in hell. It was raining fire, showers of fire, glaring, red. Devils with tails rushed back and forth, carrying the nude bodies of men and women which they hurled into pits of black, bubbling tar. Their tormented screams and yells chilled his soul. A devil with a burning torch in his long, thin hands, thrust the screaming victims under the boiling tar. The odor of burned flesh sickened Dan.

Red devils, black devils, green devils came into view, blazing torches in their hands. Fire shot from their eyes. They were looking at Dan. They were coming toward him. "Death," they chanted, "Death, death." They drew closer, closer, still closer. "Death," they yelled. "Death." His clothes were in flames. His hair was burning, his flesh. Dan screamed. He writhed and screamed. He was burning.

He was in the jungles of the Amazon. Savage faces peered through the bushes and vines. Naked warriors were watching him. Mosquitoes swarmed about him, stinging his blistered body. There were drums and spears and painted faces. A warrior seized him and led him before a chief.

Water bubbled in a great bowl. Dan was being undressed. Hands felt his flesh and washed his body with hot water. With a yell he was thrown into the air. Down, down he fell into the great bowl of boiling water. His body was being boiled.

The voice of Tarzan came to his ears. His room was on fire. Dennis was there. His father. His mother. Helen. He heard the siren of a fire engine. The splash of water. He saw firemen. Blazing shingles fell on the spectators in the street. An injured fireman was carried down a ladder. Tarzan barked. The caravan moved slowly into the distance, Arabs riding on their camels. He saw them from far away. He drank from the spring under the palm trees. His throat was no longer parched. A woman's voice was singing a Spanish song and dancers glided by. He drank and he drank. The water in the shower was freezing. He shivered. The fires of hell had died away. He smelled burning flesh no longer. He was swimming in a pool of cool water.

A face. Then another. And another. "Oh, doctor, is he all right?" Voices. "Oh, doctor!" Another face.

It was a small room. The wallpaper was browned by age. The lights were turned low. And he, the boy, was sleeping. He did not turn nor toss. He was sleeping quietly now. Before he moaned and tossed. Now he slept quietly.

The white sheet on the bed...the high pillow...the bottle of cough medicine...the hot water bog...the nurse,

so calm...the doctor watching...his mother softly praying...
the fever dropping, dropping.

It was quiet. The boy opened his eyes. He had passed
the crisis. Now he could get well.

The doctor said, "For a while I was afraid...the fever...
But slowly it fell."

The mother prayed on silently. The boy slept.

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R. Wilhelm - Chinese Fairy Tales

See 'German' 'Living' in Book
Q. ... are very rare in ...
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Mr. ~~Sinn~~, the only son of a Chinese pioneer rice miller of the Hawaiian Islands was born in Honolulu in 1882. Besides being a miller his father owned interests in sugar plantations, sugar mills, curio shops and canneries. His father was in Hawaii long before its last monarch, Queen Liliuokalani, who was deposed ^{at the establishment of the} ~~when it became a~~ republic in 1893. Then it was ~~annexed by the United States in 1898, then a territorial form of government was established on June 14, 1900.~~

When ~~he~~^{X.} was three years old his mother took him back to their ancestral village in the Chung Shen District in the Province of Canton. Their home was ~~one of those palatial mansions~~.

At the time, it was the first foreign type of architectural plan ever used in their district. The people ^{did} ~~would~~ not dare to put up any objections, ~~It was~~ because of their ^{of the owners.} financial position. ^{the} It was their monetary or financial status ^{which} ~~that~~ gave them the ~~first words or privileges~~ ^{as} to do ^{wished} ~~what~~ they wanted. Colloquially speaking, ~~"it was money talk".~~

During his infancy ^{say} ~~stage~~ ^{X.} ~~he~~ had a Chinese governess to look after him, keep him company and ^{teach} ~~taught~~ him everything that a child of his age should know, and ^{he} ~~learned~~ ^{from} everything under the sun. Customarily, in China, children who reached their seventh anniversaries ~~x~~ were sent to the village school for their first step in education. So Mr. ~~Sinn~~^{X.} was sent to a private school in his village, ~~x~~ especially established for the members of ^{their class} ~~the rich families~~ by the wealthy families. There ~~we~~ ^{we} also ~~have~~ other schools in the village for the so-called middle-class ^{X.} (or poorer class of children. Mr. ~~Sinn~~ spent seven years in the private village school. During this period ~~he learned~~ ^{he} and was taught all of the ten primary readers,

elementary history, Chinese classics, and compositions^u. In fact, every pupil in his school was taught more subjects ^{it was possible for to absorb} than ~~their~~ little brains ~~could imbue~~.

When he was fourteen years old, his mother took him back to Honolulu after the Hawaiian Queen was deposed. Upon his return to the Island, his father took him around the Islands to show him all of his business interests. ~~In~~ so doing, he explained that one must work hard, conscientiously and industriously before one ^{could} be successful in whatever one ^{might} undertake. ~~He~~ was also shown how each line of business was conducted and operated; ^{these surveys included the} ~~such as those of his~~ sugar plantation, pineapple plantation and cannery. He spent nearly a year ~~in~~ going around with his father from place to place where his business interests were located. Then, at the end of these business trips he was sent to an exclusive private school where ^{to} ~~he~~ studied ~~English~~ English.

^{finishing} This was a secondary school starting with the first grade ~~and con-~~ ^{tinuing} up to the eighth grade and ~~some other~~ high school subjects. ^{this} might be called a preparatory school for college entrance examination. ~~He~~ studied the subjects which were required ~~or~~ ~~established~~ by the public school for the first four grades. Then from the ^{he was} fifth grade on ~~they were~~ allowed two optional subjects for each grade. Mr. ~~Sim~~ ^X selected business, elementary commercial laws, economics and French. By the time he finished the seventh grade he was about twenty-two years old.

Then his father sent him back to China again. This trip was for the purpose of marrying the girl whom his father had chosen for him while ~~he~~ was studying in the Islands. It was

the custom and tradition of the Chinese people at that time to do the match making or choosing for their children, even though the parties concerned never met or saw each other before. The marrying couples had no words ⁱⁿ or sayings to what ever arrangements their parents had made for them in the matter of bethrothals or marriages. It was the parents who gave the consent. His parents spent nearly \$4,000 on the celebration of his marriage. Every cousin, distant or close ^{and} people of the same village and nearby villages were invited to help celebrate his matrimonial feast ^{which} lasted two whole weeks. Theatrical performances ^{were} were engaged to entertain their guests. New continuous shows were given daily during the festival. Even the middle-class people had matrimonial celebrations which lasted ^{more} more than four days. Large kerosene spot lights were installed through the village for the evening celebrations. ^{PP} He remained in the village until the birth of his first child. It happened to be a girl which was not what ^{he} ~~Mr. Sinn~~ ^{had} hoped for ^{and} in a way, he was rather disappointed. When his ^{daughter} (daughter was hardly 17 months old, he took a trip back to the Hawaiian Islands, leaving his own family behind in the village.

He arrived back in Honolulu in 1905 ^{and} ~~no~~ sooner had he landed ^{than} his father put him to work in one of his bazaars. He was made assistant manager. Then one year later his father put him in full control of the new hardware store, ^{realizable} from the money which he made in the bazaar business. ~~He~~ managed the hardware business smoothly ^{and} business increased rapidly. ^{He} ~~Mr. Sinn~~ enlarged the store for his father and added more complete stocks ~~to~~ to make it more serviceable and convenient for ~~their~~ customers. He managed this suc-

cessfully and kept at it for three years.

Then he took another trip back to China, this time, to see his own family. He remained in the village until the second child was born. This happened to be a boy, ^{and} indeed, Mr. ~~Sinn~~ was very happy. The odd idea ^{existed} ~~was~~ that a daughter ^{would} ~~will~~ belong to someone else after she ^{was} ~~is~~ married but the son ^{would} ~~will~~ remain with the family even though he ^{were} ~~is~~ married. The sons usually carried on the traditions of the family's ancestors. Mr. ~~Sinn's~~ father also spent some money in celebrating the birth of a grandson, for that was his first and only grandson ^{and} ~~he~~ was also extremely ^{pleased} ~~and content~~ d.

After this happy event, Mr. ~~Sinn~~ returned to Honolulu to take charge of the hardware business once more. He managed it for two years. ^{until} ~~Then~~ his father opened up a grocery store which included a small meat market. Somehow or other, Mr. ~~Sinn~~ did not ~~seem to~~ like this sort of business, ~~that~~ ^{He} began to lose interest in it, ^{and} ~~so~~ he turned this business back to his father. ^{him} ~~He told his father~~ that he wished to go to the main land or the States to make his fortune. He was offered about \$2,000 by his father as capital ^{on} which he might start business ^{but} ~~with~~, Mr. ~~Sinn~~ did not accept this amount of money. He wanted to start business with his own money, ^{and therefore} ~~he~~ accepted only enough for his transportation and incidental expenses. ^{x arrived}

Mr. ~~Sinn~~ ^{x arrived} ~~arrived~~ in San Francisco in 1914. His first job here was as salesman in a Chinese curio shop in Chinatown. He worked at it for four months and then went to work in a bazaar which was one of the oldest Chinese ^{business} ~~business~~ in California, ^{and} ~~He~~ was employed until 1917. When the ^{there} ~~the~~

war broke out he was drafted into the U. S. Army during the World's War, ~~he~~ went through military training~~s~~ but was never called into actual service. After the Armistice was signed he bought a small curio shop of his own. ~~He bought~~

~~this business~~ ~~hardly~~ more than three months he became ill,

~~And~~ He went to several medical doctors ~~but not one~~ ^{none} of ~~them~~ ^{whom} could

diagnose his case correctly. His illness tortured him for nearly five months, ^{until} finally he gave up his business and re-

turned to his home in China. ^{there} his illness was cured by a medical herbalist in his village. ~~He~~ ^{Being} cured by a

herbalist fired ~~his~~ ^{his} ambition to study about herbs and their curative properties. ~~Chinese herbs are primarily vegetables.~~

Herbs were first used by ^{the} Chinese long before Christ was born.

Now, in the modern scientific age, some herbs are used in the making of western medicines. ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~r. Sim~~ spent five

years ~~in~~ learning to be a herbalist. He also learned ~~as-~~ astrological reading. Although in America the practice of

astrology among the public is considered as fraud, ~~and~~ ~~char-~~ ~~ed as charlatans~~ yet ^{it} astrology still flourishes ^{there} in America.

Many government officials recognize Astrology. Mr. ~~Sim~~ returned to America in 1923.

Upon his return to San Francisco ~~he~~ ^X operated a herb

store where he sold herb tea to the Chinese people who ~~ask-~~

^{desired} ~~needed~~ such means of curing their illnesses. Beside this,

Mr. ~~Sim~~ ^X also gave astrological readings. Many Chinese who were not and could not be cured by western medical doctors

were cured by him. He became well-known within six years, ^{and}

^during this period ~~he~~ accumulated some money. ~~The~~ ^{He} made

two trips back to China within this period. While he was

in China he learned the art of giving ~~medium or seances~~. ~~It seems curious, but the information obtained in the or seance were true or accurate.~~ There were no contraptions or instruments used at all, except a bowl of water which had the same purpose as a crystal ball used by crystal gazer. Many American people came to him for readings but he would not give any such readings to them for fear that he might be persecuted ~~or prosecuted~~ by local authorities. ~~So he kept to~~ his all Chinese clients.

He was a Hawaiian by birth but an American through the annexation of the Islands by the United States Government.

^{has} He always said that the American Government is a very good form of government. He likes the American traditions, customs and ideals, that is, ^{of those are} anything which ~~is~~ sane and conventional. The things that he detests most are ~~the~~ alimony and ~~the divorce systems of~~ the American divorce laws. He doesn't see why a man has to support a woman whom he has divorced ~~or no longer his wife~~ when she is capable of earning a livelihood. ^{stated} He ~~said~~ that the women in America had caused a law to be passed so that men and women have the equal rights. Then, why not a divorce law that ^{would} ~~will~~ protect a man and makes him a woman's equal?

Mr. Jung, the third son of one of the oldest Chinese mining pioneers and merchants of California, was born in San Francisco in 1886. When he was hardly three years old, ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{out-} ~~bat-~~ break of the so-called Chinese Exodus which was caused by the Irish propagandists and white labor unions, his father sent him, his mother, his older sister, and two older brothers back to China. His father feared that they might be harmed by those "white vandals". These vandals often called themselves Irishmen and white union laborers. Mr. Jung's father had reason to be afraid of such Irish propagandists. ~~For~~ In that year, an officer of the San Francisco Public Health Department ordered and instructed his assistants to quarantine any or all Chinese whom they suspected of having contagious diseases. ~~Those~~ ^{To be} alleged spreading ~~of~~ contagious diseases were to be cut or operated ^{while conscious} ~~on~~ ^{alive} under the pretence of quarantine inspection. In fact they were to be cut ~~from~~ ^{from} limb ~~to~~ limb and hung on hooks suspended from ^{The rafters} ~~ceiling~~ in the same manner as meat is treated in ~~rails~~, such as those seen in butcher shops. Such practices were barbaric, ^{and} of course the Chinese people obtained a Mandamus to ^{prevent} ~~restrain them from~~ ^{the} carrying out such cannibalistic plans.

~~Mr. Jung's family~~ ¹ They arrived in China in 1890~~x~~ and stayed in Hong Kong until 1891. Then his mother took them back to their ancestral village in Canton Province. Not very long after that his two older brothers and sister were sent to the village school to study Chinese. Mr. Jung was not sent to school because he was not old enough. Children in China were usually sent to school ~~when~~ ^{when} they ~~are~~ ^{were} about seven years old. ~~So~~ ^{He} remained at home with his mother, ^{who} ~~who~~ taught him how to sing children songs ^{by} ~~repeating~~ ^{having him repeat} them after her. He learned how to write his own name and also was taught how to write ~~the~~ ^{very} simple ~~or easy~~ words. His mother taught

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him many things that the youngsters were taught in the kindergarten, ^{and} ~~he~~ learned rapidly. Outside of his daily one hour study at home, he played with the other boys of his age near the village shrine or temple. The other boys of his own age indulged in all sort of games. The game he ^{most} was fond of ~~was~~ ¹ ~~the~~ "feather kicking". This game ^{consisted of} ~~was to~~ see who could kick ^{ing} ~~it~~ ¹ ~~most~~ without missing. He ^{would} ~~kicked~~ it ~~up~~ into the air and let it fall on the ~~sole~~ ^{to hit it} of his shoes and ~~let it~~ bounce ~~x~~. Then he kicked it up again, trying ¹ as many times as ^{possible}. ~~could~~ The "feather" ^{was} made of paper cylinders, 3 inches wide and ^a half inch thick, of thin paper, with three feathers piercing through them. The bottom of the paper cylinders was attached ^{to} ~~with~~ a piece ^{of} snake skin folded twice. Two copper coins, one on top and one on bottom were used to weight ~~it~~ down. The snake skin ^{was} to make it bounce ~~x~~ and the three feathers ^{to} gave it grace when it ^{was} kicked ~~up~~ in the air.

When he was seven years old he was sent to the village school. There ~~x~~ he was taught the simple or first reader during the first year. For the next seven years he was taught from the second to the ninth Chinese reader. Besides, he learned how to use the abacus, the Chinese ~~manual~~ mathematical instrument. ^{this} ~~was and is~~ used for adding, subtracting, dividing, and multiplying. Abacus are made in various sizes or lengths. The smaller sizes contain nine columns and ^{the} largest -15 columns. Each column of the abacus is divided into two sections of two and five wooden beads. The two beads on the upper section represent ⁵ ~~5~~ each and beads on the lower section represent one each. The digits are started from ^{the unit} the right with ¹ ~~tenth~~ up to the 14th figure. The slide-rules which are being used by the engineers, draftmen, and other technicians in America and Europe ~~are~~ originated from the abacus. Abacus is

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indispensable with Chinese merchants regardless of whether they are modern or old-fashioned business men. ^P In 1900 ^{Mr. Jung} ~~he~~ was sent to ^{and there} an English secondary school in Hong Kong, ~~where~~ he learned Chinese and English. English was the major subject. Before he entered this school he had spent three years ^{Taking} ~~for~~ private English lessons which he was taught by progressive methods. Mr. Jung spent three years at that school. After that ~~he~~ entered the Queen's College at Hong Kong where he studied four years. Here he took a course in economics and political economy. French and German were his choice in foreign languages. ←

← Upon his ~~return~~ completion of the four years study at the Queen's College, he took a civil service examination at Shanghai and passed with ^{the} highest percentage. ^P ~~Then~~ ^{He} entered the Chinese government service at Shanghai in the Custom Service. He remained in the government service first as clerk, but was transferred to Hankow. Before he reported for duty in that city, he was given two months furlough with full pay. Then he went back to his ancestral village to see his mother. Before his return to his duty, he was married. So he took his wife with him to Hankow where he worked until 1908. Again, he was promoted to custom inspector for service in Shanghai. Then in 1910 he was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Custom. ^{PP} ~~at~~ ^T ~~Then~~ the Civil War broke out, and he was discharged from service. In 1913 the ^P political ^{had} ~~were~~ ^{and} ^{he} ~~had~~ himself reinstated into the custom service. As soon as ~~his~~ application for reinstatement was accepted he was appointed as Commissioner of ^{offices} ~~Custom~~ at Shanghai. In the course of service with the custom ^{he} was transferred from port to port. The purpose of the transfers

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was to have him (become accustomed to the various duties in those different ports. At the beginning of his sixth year^{of} service with the custom, he was furnished with a resident~~at house~~ by the Chinese Government. In fact he was furnished with a house in every port he was transferred to.

His position was not a very easy and pleasant one. He often had foreigners (Europeans and Americans) threatened his life, ~~just~~ because he carried out his duties by confiscating the luggage^{or} or things of those who either smuggled or refused to ~~decline~~^{pay} duty on them. They did not want to pay any duties ~~just~~ because ~~the du-~~^{ties} happened to be collected in China. In his twenty-four years of Custom service, he had many escapes from dangers such as war^x. The most dangerous one was the Chinese-Japanese War in 1932. He was taken by the Japanese military authority^{as a} as spy. However, he was cleared by sufficient proof^x of his identity and because of his American citizenship he was released promptly. He had to seek safety in the American gun Boats from the dangers of ~~the~~ war-torn Shanghai. After the war he was given two choices by the Chinese Government. He either had to ^{GIVE} up his American Citizenship or his government position. It was ^{the} rule^s of the service that no aliens ~~were~~ to be employed in this service with the exception of experts who were appointed by the treasury department or the ministry of finance. Without any hesitation he gave up his position with the Custom Service and retained his American Citizenship.

He returned to America, the land of his birth in September 1932. ^{WITH} He got a position ~~in~~ a custom broker as traffic manager in its Chinese Division. He got along nicely until the NRA came into existence. Then the white employees of the firm insisted that

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they should have an American (white man) as ~~X~~ traffic manager for the Chinese Division. Mr. Jung persuaded his general manager to ~~(let)~~ ^{LET} him keep his position as such. Then the stockholders of the firms opposed ~~to~~ Mr. Jung's being traffic manager. They claimed that a white man should be in charge because it ^{was} a white man firm. Subsequently, he was discharged. ^P The custom broker firm made a bad mistake. When Mr. Jung lost his position they also lost about \$25,000 worth of Chinese business annually. When Mr. Jung ^{went} ~~goes~~ the Chinese business ^{abandoned} ~~goes~~. Finally they realized their mistake, ^{so} they offered Mr. Jung twice the salary he ^{had} received before and ^{tried to} persuade ~~X~~ him to accept the offer and return to their employ, but he refused. ~~to~~ ~~accept the offer.~~ Then Mr. Jung opened his own business and brought along with him his former employer's Chinese clients. His Chinese business is more than that of his former employer's. He has been in business not more than two years and yet he ^{has} made enough money to buy two apartment houses in Chinatown.

Mr. Jung is a father of four girls and five boys. His oldest boy ~~X~~ is a Harvard graduate ~~is~~ and ~~he~~ is a prominent attorney practicing law in the high Municipal Court in Shanghai. His oldest daughter married a chief justice of the superior court in the Canton Province. His second daughter is chief statistician in the Department of Agriculture in China. The second ^{son} ~~son~~ is a chief chemical engineering ⁱⁿ ~~ing~~ of a large chemical factory in China. The ^{third} ~~third~~ daughter, a ^{is law} ~~law~~ teacher in a woman's college in North China. The fourth daughter is an entomology instructor in the same college. She is also an ophiologist. Of the three other sons two are studying in Germany, and one is studying in a Chinese college.

In spite of the unfair deal he received when he returned to America he still likes America. He doesn't like the Irish laborers

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those of the white collar class, because they are the only ones
who gave him trouble~~x~~ and they are also the ones who discriminated
against the Chinese. He loves American justice and ideals. He
abhors American free love~~x~~ on so-called companionate marriage.

To be success^{ful} in anything he advises hard work, ^{being} conscientious, ^{and} honest with ~~your~~ fellow workers ^{well as -} ^{and} punctuality.

San Francisco California,
August 26th 1934

THE LIFE OF THE REVEREND DANIEL C. C. WU.

The Rev. Wu was born in the Province of Canton in the Toisun District, on October the 19th 1883. He was the son a Chinese merchant who enjoyed a small but steady business. At the age of five years young Wu entered school where he learned several of the Chinese dialects but very little of the English language.

Upon being graduated from Grammar School he immediately entered High School and became a student of languages. He had learned to speak and write five different tongues by the time he was graduated at the age of fourteen. In the same year he left his native China and went to Honolulu and entered Iolani College of the Episcopal Church and at the end of four years was graduated with honors. The same year he was ordained a Priest. For the following six years teach the Rev. Wu continued to study and at the same time in the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Honolulu.

Twenty seven years ago, a poor but determined ^migrant, he sailed from Honolulu as a first class passenger on the S.S. Alameda. His fare ~~had~~ been arranged for by the Bishop of the College of the Pacific, Bishop William Ford Nichols, ~~The~~ ~~College of the Pacific was at that time located in San Mateo~~ ~~School he studied.~~ ~~County but is now located in Berkeley California.~~ and it was at this ~~College of the Pacific~~ ~~School he studied.~~ Immediately following his graduation in 1912 the Rev. Wu was re-ordained ~~at San Mateo~~ by Bishop Nichols, under whom he studied for 4 yrs.

While the Rev. Wu played no part in the forming of our

Chinese Chamber of Commerce he has played a very important part in ~~the~~ building up of San Francisco's Chinatown with his counsel and advice to the younger Chinese elements entering the business world and in ^{likewise} preparing them for the proper sort of education for which they were best fitted.

Shortly after the Rev. Wu was ordained at ~~San Mateo~~ ^{the College of the Pacific} he moved to San Francisco and into the heart of Chinatown. ^{there} he started a school with two pupils, both of whom were more than fifty years of age but both ^{possessed} a keen desire to learn the English language. In 1913 The Rev. Wu also started a school in Oakland California with but a half dozen pupils. Today, looking young and robust despite his many years of strenuous work and long hours, he is much pleased with the size of his classes both here and Oakland, each numbering about one hundred and seventy five students, ranging in age from five to fifty years of age. ^{Because of the} ~~Being the~~ work of half a dozen ~~men causes one to wonder~~ how The Rev. Wu ever finds time to sleep and eat, and yet he says that he is happiest when he is on the go and doing something for someone else.

Aside from his Church work Rev. Wu teaches both day and night classes in both English and Chinese here and in Oakland. Some of his former students assist him in teaching in the Oakland school voluntarily and are doing a very good job of it.

During one of my interviews with the Rev. Wu I asked him whether he would rather be the poor Priest that he is here in America or a wealthy ~~mandarin~~ ^{mandarin} in China. ~~and~~ His answer was very prompt and to the effect that he was far happier here in his

present capacity than he ever could be in China even if he were the wealthiest Mandarin in the entire country.

For many years The Rev. Wu has acted as an interpreter for his people in connection with inigration affairs and in the courts. ^{He has done} This in addition to his many other duties. For many years he has watched San Francisco grow ^{grow} better in health, in spirit and in beauty as well as in commercial life. The Rev. Wu states that the spiritual life of the Chinese in this city is at least two hundred percent better than it was when he came here. The Chinese people are taking more interest not ^{only} in the affairs of the Chinese settlement but in all things which pertain to the betterment of San Francisco and the State of California. This year his people are playing an important part in politics, and I found them very much abreast of the times when I began to discuss the political question both local and national with a group of his friends. One thing that I noticed particularly was that every one of the Chinese I talked to has a thorough and intimate knowledge of the history of the United States, ^{its} wars, depressions and its good times, and they know a good many of the reasons and causes of each.

The Rev. Wu states that he is thoroughly convinced that there will ~~certainly~~ be war between Japan and China. Is the opinion of the Rev. ^{Wu} China cannot peacefully hold her territory in the northern part of Manchuria. ^{this} is the richest part of ^a all Asia ^{because of} its mines, and Japan is bound and determined to make war on China in an effort to annex this territory. The Rev. Wu is of the opinion that Japan could win a war with China ^{in her} ~~present~~ ^{Present disorganized state} of her ~~disorganized state~~ unless Russia came to China's aid. He

feels quite certain that Japan and Russia will wage war on one another not later than late this fall. Perhaps there will be but little fighting this winter, he says, but Japan will have herself sufficiently fortified before spring when she will wage an aggressive war on Russia. In his opinion Russia will win in short order because that country is now well organized.

Relative to the salvation of China and it's coming out of of the present state of chaos the Rev. Wu feels that there is but one answer; ~~and that is~~ one tongue or language for the whole country and one religion instead of three as at present. The first will come in the near future in his opinion but the latter will be a long time in coming if ever. He believes that a universal language will play the most important part in bringing about a universal Christianity. Those who believe in Taoism will become Christians much quicker than those who believe in ~~Indian~~ *Buddhism*.

The Rev. Wu told me that every Chinese in this country ~~does~~ contributes to the education and care of *this* fellow countryman in proportion to his ability to do so. Their schools, Y M C A *and* and Y W C A's are conducted on the same order as our own and so are their free night schools.

Many Americans are of the belief that Tong wars are very common in China. The Rev. Wu tells me that this is far from being true, *and* as a matter of fact Tong wars are unknown in China. During the year of 1907 when the Rev. arrived in this country there was a tong war going on. The papers carried news of it in Honolulu, and one of his former classmates wrote to him to find out all about this thing called Chinese Tong War.

→ Before answering the inquiry The Rev. Wu made many calls in his locality and asked many questions. He found most of the people ^{of} whom he made inquiry ~~of~~ were reticent and professed to know absolutely nothing about such things, so in answering his ~~friend~~ ^{inquisitor} in Honolulu he explained his inability to obtain but little information, but ~~described the~~ ^{Tong} ~~as~~ a battle between two TOWNS.

According to Rev. Wu practically all of the inhabitants of San Francisco's Chinatown ^{ARE} Cantonese and nearly all of them are the sons and daughters of Canton merchants of all kinds, ~~Some~~ ^{of whom} are from wealthy families. It is the amount of money they are worth and not their breeding by which their caste is ~~determined~~ ^{determined} rated. The same holds ~~good~~ for the American born Chinese ~~just~~ as ~~it~~ does for those born in China. There are no Coolies in San Francisco unless it might be one ^{who} ~~that~~ has deserted a ship in some other port and slipped into the country unnoticed. In nearly every case ~~of~~ ^{type} this ~~kind~~ the Coolie does not keep out of the clutches of the law very long and is soon deported.

The family name of the Rev. Daniel G. C. Wu was Ng. but at the time of his baptism he took the name of St. Paul which is Wu in the Chinese language. The Rev. says that he ~~has~~ learned enough of the English language to know that Ng means - no good.

~~Next week we will learn about the life of the Rev. Chin Quong who is past seventy years of age and one of the oldest christian church workers in America. Chin Quong is the father of Alexander Balfour Chin and is said to be known to practically every Chinese in America.~~

Mr. Y.

Mr. Y was born in a village in Sun Wui District in the province of Kwong Tung in 1905. A member of a wealthy family, he enjoyed many things out of reach of the poorer classes. Having travelled quite a bit both in China and in the United States, and having worked of his own accord in California to further his education here, his life is of especial interest because of his contact with conditions in the large centers of China.

Through speculation in foreign exchange, his father lost his wealth, and for several years, they had a taste of conditions ~~a~~ little better than ~~the~~ poverty, ~~the daily existence~~ of those in less fortunate circumstances. However, fortune again smiled on them when the government sent Y's father over to the United States to coordinate the Nationalist Party in San Francisco. That, however, did not last long, and in 1919, the father entered ~~into~~ the importing business to make a living. The family in China in the meantime was kept on its feet by the grandfather.

In 1921, ~~instead of bringing in baskets~~, the business expanded ~~into~~ ^{from the side import} ~~to~~ the general art line. This afforded the older brother, who had come over in 1916, an occupation, ~~and five years~~ ^{and} later Y came to America, arriving here in 1926.

Showing a rather independent spirit, Y, after finishing high school here in San Francisco, went to another city to work his way through Junior College, later returned ~~ed~~ to finish his college education in this city. After receiving his degree, he went East and attended two leading Universities, even though he knew that if he undertook ~~to attain~~ ^{the attainment of} higher education, ~~he would~~ have to endure ^{difficult} living conditions, ~~which would be difficult~~. For two years, he bore ~~with~~ his troubles ^{in the} and struggles for an existence and then received his Master's degree.

On being asked ~~as to~~ ^{compare} living conditions here and in China, he said,

"Even though our house in the village was the largest, and it had a

tile floor instead of ^{only} the ground, I cannot say that our lot was much better than that of other people. Wealth in China means a larger house and a little better food, but other facilities were lacking to us as well as to other people. Our villagers, as usual, cultivated rice, and each family had besides that commodity, ~~Vegetables~~ and pork, since every family raised pigs, but ^{however,} outside of those items, few others were available. X

"While very young, I attended the various grades of Chinese school in my own native village up to the Explanatory or Clarification stage, ^{and then} ~~when~~ I ^{went to} ~~attended a~~ boarding school in both Kongmoon and Canton. The Explanatory stage, as you know, is the period ^{in which} ~~when~~ the books memorized by the student are explained to him; ^{therefore,} ~~so all~~ the classics, ^{he} are not understood by the pupil until they reach ^{since I knew} ~~ed~~ this stage. I finished that stage in Canton, and ~~having had~~ a little of English, I came over to America. Of course, like all youngsters looking for thrills and wonders, I was happy to come, and during the whole of the journey X I was full of expectancy."

"What cities did you visit besides Canton?"

"Shanghai, Peking and Hong Kong. Living conditions there were no better than those in the village except ^{for} the extremely wealthy!"

"Extremely wealthy! What about the middle classes?"

"The extremely wealthy had everything - all the facilities that even the poor here in America enjoy, and the so-called middle classes were so miserable that they were just as bad as the poorest. ^{and} In China, there are only the extremely rich and the indigent poor ^{and} ~~no~~ facilities of any kind are ^{available to} ~~had by~~ the common people ^{as} ~~like~~ they are here.

"I remember ^{that} ~~when~~ my father and I stayed in both Canton and Shanghai, ^{and} ~~we~~ paid ten dollars a day for a room in a good hotel, which would be equivalent to a second class hotel here. ^{those} The room was poorly furnished compared to ~~what they~~ ^{and there was} ~~are~~ here, ^{it} ~~had~~ a water closet ^{that} that was indescribable ^{is awful} ~~in~~ The stench and filth, ~~was awful~~. I do not see how humans can live in such surroundings, but the poor in China put up with even worse conditions. Why, for seventy-five cents a night

in a hotel here, I can get a room that has all the comfort ^{enjoyed by} ~~that~~ the extremely rich ~~enjoy~~ in China. I must say that ~~the~~ hotel conditions in Shanghai and in Hong Kong are a little bit better than in Canton. While in Canton, one can get a truer picture of China than in Shanghai and Hong Kong, for conditions reflect the environment of the people. Shanghai and Hong Kong have a greater number of foreigners, and of course, their living standards are high. In order to live in the cities with the same comforts to which one has become accustomed here in America, one must ^{do so at} ~~live~~ ^{cost} highly. Conditions are such in lower class hotels that I would venture to say that a toilet in the poorest house over here ^{this} ~~is~~ better, but I ~~could~~ not say for certain, since I have never lived in such a house here.

"After a person has become accustomed to things over ^{here}, he can never be happy in China. When one returns to his native land, ^{he finds} ~~in spite of~~ all that he hears of improvements, ^{an} ~~these are usually~~ exaggerated ^{ign}, and ~~he~~ should not expect too much lest he be disappointed. Personally, it would make no difference to me for I would certainly ~~live~~ in Shanghai if I ever returned to China, and there I can live quite comfortably."

Mr. N was born in a village in the Southwestern part of Kwong Tung province in 1904. His father, a native son of California, made a trip to China, and according to the usual custom, was duly married in 1903. The rest of the story is told in N's own words.

"The climate in the village where I live is extremely hot during the summer time. As late as 7 o'clock in the evening, the water of the river, which ran not more than 150 yards from my home, was actually warm. We enjoyed a nice clean bath in the evenings when it was so warm. Mosquitoes were thick, and whenever we sat outside during the sultry evenings, we were pestered to death. The winters were not cold, as I remember, and as to the rest of the year, I recall nothing. Rainstorms, however, impressed themselves on my memory. The rainfall was so heavy in our district at times that we were forced to take refuge in the nearby mountains, as we were flooded out of house and home. During the rainy season, the earth became so sticky that I remember ~~when~~ once I had to leave my wooden shoes behind me as I trudged home the rest of the way in my bare feet.

"As youngsters, we went stark naked until ~~about~~ we were seven years of age, ^{though} of course, in the school room, we wore clothing. Our pastimes consisted of games similar to those indulged in by children everywhere. It was an expression of the energy in us. We were, however, especially delighted on New Year's, for the married people gave children money tokens for good luck. We were fascinated when witnessing either a funeral or a marriage. All that I can remember of the funeral is a long line of mourners walking up to the mountain side ^{to make} ~~where~~ the usual offerings of food ~~were made~~ to the spirit of the departed.

"Of the marriage, the details are more vivid. The groom had just returned from the United States. He was gaudily dressed and awaited the arrival of the sedan chair bearing the bride. The crowd surged forward as the bride made her appearance, but it was disappointed, for she descended from the her carriage

with her face, according to custom, covered with fans. She passed through the throng and entered the house of the groom where feasting and joy began, ^{and} ~~to~~ lasted ^{ed} for a period of about a week.

"Our village was devoted to the cultivation of rice. Each man owned his plot of ground in which he planted his own rice. Planting usually took place in March. Young rice, in stalks about four to six inches high, ~~was~~ ^{was} planted in small bunches. Each bunch ~~was~~ ^{was} stuck into the mud ~~about four to six~~ ^{about four to six} inches under water. It was always a source of delight to me to see such straight rows of planted rice. Each row was so straight that it would seem as though they were ruled off. As many as ^{could work in} eight people ~~could work in~~ a plot of ground.

"The rice, as it grew high, ^{was} ~~is~~ a beautiful sight. The country seemed to be a sea of green, and as the wind ^{blew} ~~blows~~ the stalks back and forth, ~~it is~~ ^{was} an attractive sight. Harvesting ~~came~~ ^{came}, if I remember correctly, in August, ~~and~~ every adult man and woman ^{was} ~~is~~ busy in the fields. After the crop ^{was} ~~is~~ cut, the grains ~~were~~ ^{were} put in a sort of a grinder to loosen the husks. The rice then, on a windy evening, ^{was} ~~was~~ sifted by the breeze. A fist full ^{was} ~~is~~ gradually let fall and the wind carried the waste away. The rice grains, ^{were} ~~being~~ heavier, ^{and} ~~fall~~ into a heap. Then they ~~were~~ ^{were} stored for future use. They also raised peanuts and yams in the village.

"Living conditions were poor. In regards to sanitation, there simply wasn't any. ~~All~~ The village had ~~very~~ public places. Baths, as I said, were ^{then were} taken during the summer time in the river, while during the cold spell, ^{either} neglected or taken at home. Firewood consisted of rice straw, ^{since} there is little wood in China. Water was rain water ~~from the rainy season caught~~ ^{obtained} during the rainy season in the open court of the house or drawn from the well. Sometimes, one would see a youngster carrying on his shoulder two buckets, ^{hanging} one on each end of a long pole. These were filled with water from the community well. Meals were cooked over a crude stove, just a cave with a round hole at the top for the pot to fit in, ~~and the mouth, which was the feeding place.~~ The housewife would have to push ~~in~~ ^{into} rice straw ~~at~~ the opening ^{to} cook the meal. She would suffer in

patience as the smoke, which had no outlet but the opening where fuel ^{used} ~~is~~ ^{was} fed, ~~is~~ very bitter on the eyes.

"The food consisted of rice, vegetables and fish, ^{since} ~~meat being~~ ^{was} very scarce and expensive. The fish supply ~~seemed to be~~ inexhaustible. Fruits of various kinds are found in China and very delicious.

"Housing conditions ^{were} ~~are~~ poor also. Homes in our village were made of brick ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{were} extremely bare, with the ground for ^{only} ~~the~~ floor. Wooden planks or saw horses or something similar, ^{served as} ~~were~~ beds, ^{and the only} ~~on which people slept.~~ ^{was} There were no windows to give either ventilation or light, ~~illumination is had~~ by means of candles or oil lamps. Life in China is very hard.

"I attended school from ^{The age of} ~~5~~ until 11 when, to my joy, my father sent for me to come to America. I arrived in 1915, during the Fair. On the grounds of the exhibit, I had my first taste of ice cream - it was a delight! The hustle and bustle here was strange to a youngster - the electric and gas appliances as well as other conveniences were a continual source of amazement.

"Upon arrival, I attended the primary and secondary schools. While here, life was not too easy, for I had to work too, but no matter how bad things get, I would not live China. Conditions here have spoiled me ^{and} ~~I~~ want to stay ~~here~~. I would like trips to visit China, but not to stay. My father wants to go back to stay and he may do so. He has made a number of journeys, but always without me. At 30, I am still young and vigorous and am just waiting for business to pick up so I can move from the filth of Chinatown. It is too dirty and does not come up to my standards. No matter how poor conditions may be ~~at~~ here, still they would be preferable to what they are in China!"

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CHINESE REPORT

Y. CHUNG

MR. J.

Mr. J was born in Sun Ning district of Kwong Tung province in 1889. His father came to America in the early days of California history, though the son is unable to say just when his parent arrived^d. The father fared rather well and was able after six years to open a store dealing in Chinese candies, fruits and chinaware as well as other Chinese commodities. Incidentally, the store since its establishment over fifty years ago is still in the same location.

J spent his childhood and early manhood in China attending school. He spent the first 13 years of his life in the classroom and during the vacation time, labored in the fields. The townspeople of the village engaged in farming, raising chiefly rice and yams. The land in the village was rather barren, as is the land in Sun Ning district generally, and the surrounding country quite mountainous. The weather was extremely hot in the summer time, but not severely^e cold in winter.

He found life in China comfortable because his father sent money home from America for^{the} family support, and consequently his condition was somewhat better than that of his neighbors. On his arrival in this country, however, his ideas changed somewhat in regard to the meaning of comfort.

In 1907, the father made a special trip back to China to be present at his son's coming marriage. The son took his bride when only eighteen years old, and a year later a male child was born. With progeny to carry on the family traditions so dear to the heart of the Chinese, J sailed in 1909 at the age of 20, for the United States. On arriving here, he learned his father's business and devoted his evenings to studying English. While he applied himself diligently, the facilities^{se} were denied him due to pressure of other matters, and so after a year, discontinued his lessons and sought to improve his conversation through contact with American friends. After all these years, he has never been able to speak fluently, though he understands enough to conduct his business.

~~During~~ During the twenty-odd years that he has spent over here, he has made five return trips to China, the last made last year. He goes back for visits and stays there a few months at a time, looking over conditions and noting whatever improvements ~~that~~ may have occurred. On each occasion, he noticed slow but certain progress in his native land. He saw ~~that~~ roads ~~were~~ built, paths, which in China are streets, widened, and in the large cities, the installation of various facilities, such as telephones, electricity, and in some cities, gas. The last mentioned convenience, however, is not available in Canton. Shanghai and Hong Kong are the most advanced cities. J. said that if he had a lot of money, he would rather return to China ~~and~~ ^{to} make his residence in Shanghai, since that city is so far ⁱⁿ advanced ^{of} the others that one ^{can} enjoy there the same conveniences as ~~had~~ here in the United States.

Shanghai is his choice for that reason, and ^{because of the fact} ~~another is~~ that things are cheaper. For five thousand dollars, he could build a gorgeous and luxurious home in the village, but the same house would only cost him one thousand in Shanghai. Everything is cheaper along the coast and in the cities than in the interior because of the extra expense of transportation.

As to living conditions, he emphasized the fact that they were different according to the locality. In some districts, the people were a bit better off than in others. In some places like Chung San, people did not know what silk was, for they were so poor that they were fortunate to have a stitch of ^{the} ~~of~~ poorest cloth obtainable on their backs; while in the southern part of the province, people had their choice of a variety of garments, silk, linen, and so forth. In some parts of the province, labor is ~~so~~ cheap, and in other parts, it is high. The living standard of the people naturally depended on their earning power. ^{People went from} ~~in those~~ places where business and conditions were poorer ~~the people went to~~ other sections to work. In some districts, the people are better ⁽ off even though they make only ten cents a day because their living expenses amount to only five cents a day. There are better opportunities to

earn one's living in some of the fairly large cities. The labor consists of pulling rickshaws, and other types of heavier work, but the people are resigned to their lot and never complain so long as they can work and save a little to lighten their last days. J said that in some districts some make a better living than even in America, comparatively speaking. The merchants in some of those cities make out quite well.

Ⓡ Labor is so cheap in China that Americans living in China take advantage of it.

§ For even as little as three dollars a month in Chinese money (the highest paid ^{only} commanding seven dollars) one can hire a girl to cook, wash, sew, and even to take care of the children. For that reason, J would prefer to live in China, for he ^{could} ~~can~~ be waited on hand and foot for so little.

Just an instance of how cheaply one can live in China— a man in the poorer districts ^{could} ~~can~~ live royally ^{duration} ~~for~~ for the ~~rest~~ of his life on three thousand dollars, for that is considered a fortune. Naturally in other sections where standards are better, what is thought to be a fortune ~~there~~ would be a larger sum, but it is safe to say that any man with five thousands ^{he} ~~can~~ live luxuriously in any village, ~~excepting the cities.~~ ^{remarked that with} People here have ~~said~~ ^{could} that ~~if they had~~ three thousand dollars in American gold, they ~~would~~ return to their native villages and spend the remainder of their days in comparative ease and comfort.

Today, J is still in business, although he leaves the management in the hands of his son who came over as a child and was reared here. At present, his son is in China and is due back within two months. The trip, of course, was made so he could get married. At present, J has no plans except to stay here until he is old and will return to his native ^{land} ~~land~~ to die.

I was born on the 13th of December, in the year 1911 in the town of Bakersfield situated in the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley of the state of California. Previous to my birth, one girl and one boy had been born, but my brother died a year before my coming so at the day of my birth there were great rejoicing in the house of my parents. This was not due to the fact that a child was born, but rather that it was a boy. Nothing pleases a Chinese father more than to have a son ~~who would~~ ^{to} perpetuate the family name, and since the death of my brother the family ~~was beginning~~ ^{had begun} to fear their family name would not be perpetuated. After the birth of a sister, ~~after me~~ my father, who was a restaurant owner decided to take us all with our mother back to China for a short visit to see his mother. Leaving his business in the care of a cousin, we sailed for China in the year 1913. We stayed in China for nearly two years and when we came back my father again took up his business. Later there ~~6~~ ⁵ children in our family, ~~the~~ one older sister and ~~4~~ ³ younger sisters. In Bakersfield we all attended school regularly and had a happy life together, having much the kind of experiences and play-life as all children usually have. In the year 1921, my father through some bad investment ~~and his business failing~~ ^{lost} we moved ~~away~~ from Bakersfield to San Francisco. My father ~~having been~~ ^{was} offered a job as chef in a small hotel. In San Francisco, as in Bakersfield we all attended school, but I with the two eldest girls in the family also had to go to Chinese school in the evenings. It was our parents wish that we get a good education to fit ourselves for good careers. Some three years later we again moved this time to the town of Visalia,

my father ~~being~~ employed as chef in the largest hotel in the town. It was in this town that I ~~beside going to school~~ secured a job as a helper in a restaurant after school hours and school holidays. The pay from this job was not much but it help me buy what clothes and school expenses I need. In the year 1928, after living in Visalia for 4 years, my father again was offered a better job with considerable more money in the town of Merced. He decided to accept the position, and not wishing to move his family here and there, suggested that we make a permanent home in San Francisco. It was then arranged that we were to move there. I can say it was quite a disappointment as I was then in my 2nd year of high school--having participated in the various sports and functions I hated to leave the friendly school and start all over in a strange school. To this I confided to my parents and to my employer. My employer came to my aid by suggesting a plan in which I could continue on going to school in that town. The plan was that in return for working for him he was to give me room and board. At first my parents objected to the idea, as I was too young to be away from the family. I finally persuaded them to give me their permission. For the first few months after my folks left things went along quite well. I was supporting myself through school with just a little help from my parents, and I was quite proud of it. Alas, this did not last long. Unfortunately, my employer business soon began to failed and one day near the end of my school semester he informed me he was going to sell out and move to another town. Eventually, I moved out to San Francisco. At this stage of my life my father became ill of cancer and ~~and~~ inevitably, in the case of a person with cancer he died a few months later. My father during his

had used up what money he had so at his death the burden of supporting the family was put on the shoulders of ~~us~~ older children. The older girls secured good positions, ~~but~~ my mother seeing that I was the only boy in the family should at least have an high school education. I objected but she made me see the advantage of an education. So it was then arranged that I go to the town of Courtland, situated along the Sacramento River about 20 miles from Sacramento, and live in the home of an uncle ~~I have there~~ and go to school in that town. ~~HP~~ For the next two years I went to school there, and some of the most pleasant moments of my life were spent in that school. By participating in the various sports and school functions I became quite popular with the students and faculty. During the two years of school I managed to pay most of my expenses by working ~~on~~ the farms during the school summer vacations. After graduation from high school I secured a job as clerk in a store in San Francisco. For 2 years I worked for this firm, but business ~~was~~ not being very good ~~so~~ I was released in the summer of last year. From the time I was released from that job I have been unable to find a steady position, though I have been working on various odd jobs on and off.

Mr. X was born in Pankow, China about 40 years ago, the son of a very wealthy government official. Though he was given a thorough education in both the Chinese and English language, he was most suitable for the profession of politics, he constantly yearned to study the practical side of science. He left home much to his parents' objections to study in America in 1918. Because his parent offered no financial assistance in this, he was fortunate in obtaining a school boy's job in Berkeley. Here he labored most industriously for several years, and after earning about three hundred dollars plus the small but appreciative bonus for years of able work, he left for Michigan. He entered Michigan University and graduated with honors, after studying the different fields of science pertaining to aviation. Later he entered an ^{aviation} ~~air~~ school in Missouri, and with what little money he had and what he earned from a restaurant job, he managed to pay for the tuition fees. In late 1927 having earned his transport and commercial license, he left for China to enlist into the service of the Nanking government. Having perceived the blessings and forgiveness ^{from} ~~of~~ his parents, he started with determined ambition in his new ~~opportunity~~ ^{career}. After many months of perseverance, he was rewarded by being given an observers' job. The years of learning in America did not fail him now and with this careful learned knowledge of aviation in general, he succeeded in the ranks of an army aviator very rapidly. He served a year and a half in the Nanking Aviation corp during the many air raids on the latest menace of China, the communists. Now because of his skill, knowledge and foresight in aviation he recently has been given the highest office

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F. Cunn

in ~~the~~ Nanking aeronautical circle, that ~~as the~~ chairman
of the Board of Nanking Aeronautics.

Born in Canton, China in the year 1880, Mr. X was the third son of a wealthy retired province governor. In his early childhood Mr. X was educated by the best of private tutors, and he with his brothers had the best of care. In 1902 when Mr. X father passed away, the bulk of the fortune went to the two older brothers. The following year during one of his frequent quarrels with one of the brothers ~~after the death of their father~~, Mr. X decided to go abroad, and make his own fortune. In 1904 Mr. X was employed at Honolulu in a trading business as accountant. The position did not pay much, so after three years working there he came to the United States. The first job he had after his arrival was that of a night clerk in a Chinese owned hotel. ~~While working in his second year~~ he married a San Francisco girl, and the following year a baby girl came into the family. During the years Mr. X was working he bought a small interest in the hotel, ~~but~~ by 1914 he owned about one-half of the stock. The hotel being the largest and best Chinese owned hotel at that time was very popular. At the time of the world fair in San Francisco the hotel's 50 rooms ^{were} ~~was~~ filled with guests for a year and a half running, and most of the Chinese at that time ^{or that} ~~that go~~ ~~or come~~ from China would put up at his hotel. In 1920 Mr. X made a trip to China with his wife ~~and his children which~~ ^{who} now numbered four. In 1922 when they returned from China Mr. X bought ~~some~~ more of the hotel stock till he owned three-fourth of all the stocks. He resumed the business he had left in charge of someone up to ~~the present time~~ ^{that}. The present depression beginning in 1929 affected him for every

year since then he had lost money on the hotel. His oldest daughter ~~is now~~ ^{has been} working in a bank since her graduation from high school three years ago. Mr. X in order to save expense is working as a clerk which position he has employed persons to ~~do since~~ he went back to China in 1920.

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Mrs. Chan, ~~Chinese~~ was born in
Shanghai, China in 1889. Her father
was a minister and Mrs. Chan was
educated in her father's missionary
school. When she was twenty-two
she married a man who brought
her back to America with him.
Mr. Chan had a dry-goods store
in Mina, Nevada, but he sold it
and brought Mrs. Chan to San
Francisco. During the next eight years
Mrs. Chan gave birth to three
daughters and one son. Mr. Chan
worked on a boat as chef to support
the family. In 1919 Mr. Chan was
killed in an automobile accident.
Mrs. Chan could not go out to work
because the children were so young,
so she did a little sewing for her
friends to make a little money. The
time went on the oldest girl cared
for the younger ones while Mrs. Chan
went out to a dress factory to work.
In 1928 Mrs. Chan had quite a

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bit of money saved, so she and
a partner opened a dress factory
of their own. Business thrived
for the next three years and Mrs.
Chan employed from twenty to thirty
operators at one time. In 1932 Mrs.
Chan sent her two youngest children to
China to be educated in the Chinese
schools ~~as well as~~ the American
public schools. In the first part
of 1933 Mrs. Chan felt the depression
~~as~~ and she dismissed most of her
operators. Before Mrs. Chan failed
completely financially, she sold her
factory. Last year Mrs. Chan did
very little sewing ~~as~~ all the other
factories were quiet and were not
taking on any more operators.
With some of her savings Mrs. Chan
~~has~~ opened another factory in the
latter part of 1933 and has enough
sewing to keep her and two other
operators working, but not
consistently.

Mrs. T. Ching was born in a little hamlet in Nanking, China in 1894. Her early life was much the same as all girls lead in other countries; ~~such as~~ minding the babies in the family, doing the housework, and going to school. In 1909 Mrs. Ching married a man ~~that~~ used to live in the village, but who had just returned from America to seek a bride. Mr. Ching was part owner of a general merchandise store in Los Angeles, and after being married brought his wife back to America with him. ~~Returning~~ in America in 1911, Mrs. Ching lived in Los Angeles for seven years, and then moved ~~and~~ to San Francisco with her husband. During the years in Los Angeles Mrs. Ching's husband saved enough money to open a laundry in San Francisco. Mrs. Ching helped her husband in the laundry by ironing clothes, but business became so good that Mr. Ching hired ^{men} more on the next five years so that Mrs. Ching did not have to work. ~~PP~~ Mrs. Ching then having nothing to do had a girl student ~~to~~ tutor her in English in the evenings. Finding her days monotonous, Mrs. Ching decided to

learn hair dressing, so she went to a hair dressing school. In 1927, after two years of studying, she opened a beauty parlor. Though she did not expect to make much money, it was more of a hobby for her. In the years following business became very good, so she took in a partner to help her. Mrs. Ching's business ~~is~~ mostly catered to the older women, and not the younger set. Her business decreased the same time the depression started, but Mrs. Ching believes it is not due so much to the depression, but to the establishment of other new beauty parlors. Mrs. Ching said that the depression has cut down the fee on hair dressing extremely.

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Mr. D. Yee, ~~Chinese~~ was born in 1904 in a little hamlet outside the city of Canton. He came over to America in 1913, and lived in San Francisco with his father who owned a candy and fruit stand in Chinatown. Mr. Yee attended the grammar school in San Francisco, and upon his graduation entered high school. But after attending high school for a year, he quit~~x~~ and helped his father run the stand. Business was good, and soon Mr. Yee's father opened a store beside~~having~~ the stand. In three years the business had^{been} built up so^{that} that Mr. Yee's father in 1925 owned four stands in different corners of Chinatown. The store^{was} ~~high~~ ^{and} ~~large~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~business~~ ^{business} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~good~~ ^{good} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~stand~~ ^{stand} ~~beside~~ ^{beside} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~regular~~ ^{regular} ~~business~~ ^{business} ~~there~~ ^{there}.

In 1926 Mr. Yee's father went back to China, and left the business in charge of his son~~x~~ and an uncle. His father never returned to America ~~for~~ ^{because} he died the following year. In 1928 Mr. Yee married a native born girl, and they made their home^{in the} back of the store. Beginning in the year 1930 Mr. Yee's business ~~has~~ ^{steadily} decreased so^{that} that he has^{been} ~~sell~~ ^{sell} all of his stands, with the exception of one, to different companies. At present he wants to sell his remaining stand ~~for~~ ^{because} it is not making money, and he cannot afford the expense of paying a man to take care of it. Mr. Yee does not think ~~that business in his line of business~~ ^{will be like the} ~~time he helped his father,~~ ^{time he helped his father,} ~~for~~ ^{for} the competition is much keener nowadays, ~~and~~ ^{and} as there is not much of a profit. He does not want to sell his store, ~~for~~ ^{as} he has no other trade. ~~and~~ ^{but} Mr. Yee realized^s since it provides a living for his family ~~as~~ ⁽ he now has two children⁾ and^{with} employment so hard to obtain it is best to keep his store.

Mr. Hing was born in Honolulu in 1904. His father was a merchant there, and Mr. Hing at the age of twelve was sent to America to further his education in Chinese and English. In San Francisco, he lived with his aunt and went to the public schools here. After graduating from high school Mr. Hing went back to Honolulu, but came back to America two years later. In 1923 Mr. Hing was employed in a drug store as a clerk. He worked at the drug store for a year and a half and then worked for a electrician as a helper. In 1925 Mr. Hing started to work for a relative who was a florist. He ~~worked~~ for a while at the store, and then later was sent down to San Mateo to the farm of the relative where most of his flowers were ~~made~~ raised. Working at San Mateo, Mr. Hing made daily trips out to San Francisco, ~~and~~ ~~at~~ at this time he married a girl from Honolulu. In 1929 Mr. Hing was made a partner by his relative. The store has a good business ~~and~~ ships thousands of flowers weekly to Eastern cities, and is one of the ~~most~~ most known florists in Chinatown. Mr. Hing now has three children and lives very comfortably.



Mr. WOO, ~~Chinese~~ was born in Canton, China in 1896. He was the youngest in a family of three. His father was in America, having left China when Mr. Woo was two years old. When Mr. Woo was seven years old his father went back to China and the following year moved his family to America. After their arrival in America the family made their home in the store ~~that~~ their father had established. Mr. Woo, after attending the public schools in Oakland for nine years then worked in his father's store. Business was ~~not~~ ^{as good as} it was ^{not} necessary to use him, so Mr Woo looked for a job. In 1912 Mr. Woo worked in a restaurant as a helper in the kitchen. Working there for three years ~~Mr. Woo~~ ^{he} learned to cook. ~~He then~~ ^{and} in his next job ^{he} became a cook in a restaurant in the town of Stockton. This job did not last long, for after a year the restaurant failed. Mr. Woo then came to San Francisco. In certain seasons the canneries in Alaska would establish ~~an~~ offices in San Francisco to hire men, ~~who are~~ to work in their fish canneries in Alaska. The transportation of the men ~~are also~~ paid by the canneries. In 1916 Mr. Woo sailed with such a crew to Alaska where he was employed as a cook in a camp. After a few seasons in Alaska Mr. Woo ~~came~~ ^{he} back to San Francisco. Having saved some money from the cannery job Mr. Woo with a friend opened a produce business in Oakland. Business was good, but his partner gambled away the company's money, so they broke partnership. Mr. Woo then bought a horse and wagon, and peddled vegetables from house to house. Business became very good ~~that~~ after a few years it enabled him to start a large produce house doing business on a wholesale basis. Business was exceptionally good at first ~~as~~ he was one of the first in that line ~~of~~ business. In the years following business slowed down with

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the establishing of other produce houses by competitors.
At the present his business is so large he has eight men
working for him. The depression did not affect him as much
as his competitors for his customers are all steady, and
the products he sells are known as the best.

Mr. X ~~of Chinese parentage~~ was born in the City of Canton in 1875. His father a gold-smith in that city ^{made} enough money to provide for his family comfortably. His father a deeply religious man, wanted Mr. X to become a priest, and Mr. X was brought up, educated, and spent nearly half his life in a monastery. The life of a monk became monotonous to Mr. X, and he left it to come over to the United States in the year 1903. After his arrival in the United States he wandered for five years from one state to another working as a janitor, cook, farm laborer, gold-smith and finally becoming a Chinese newspaper editor in New York. He worked in the newspaper company for seven years, and during that time married. Just after his wife gave birth to their first child Mr. X moved his family to San Francisco where he saw good possibilities of a newspaper business succeeding here. He opened a little newspaper business here with two partners in 1915, and has built it up till it is one of the most popular Chinese papers in the United States. Last year his newspaper circulation exceeded any Chinese newspaper company by nearly one-half. His paper has direct wire from China where he ~~has~~ ^{is} affiliated with the largest newspaper company in Shanghai. Mr. X's oldest son is now attending Columbia University in New York, and upon his graduation Mr. X hopes to turn the business over to him and retired ~~back~~ to China. He also has a daughter attending high school.

Mr. X ~~nationality is Chinese~~, and he was born in the State of Canton in 1905 in a little village about a night's ride by the river steamer to the City of Canton. He was the youngest son in the family of three boys and four girls. ~~The~~ ^{caused} ~~whose~~ father after the birth of the youngest ~~one~~ came to America where he opened a ~~little~~ store in a little country town. Mr. X began school at the early age of six in the village, and continued to go till he was sixteen years old. He was a brilliant scholar, and when the city of Canton gave a contest for the most brilliant student in the state he represented his school. At the contest Mr. X was ~~ad~~ judged the second best student, with the result ^{that} he was offered a job in the biggest department store in the city of Shanghai ~~in~~ the accounting dept. He accepted the position, but after two years he quit ~~x~~ and went back to his village to teach school. He taught school for two years and during that time married one of the girl in the village. In 1925 Mr. X left his wife ~~x~~ and came to America to work. ^{that} ~~Soon~~ after his arrival in America he received word ^{that} his wife ~~gave~~ birth to a baby boy. Since his father, ~~and~~ his partner ~~was~~ ^{was} sufficient ~~he~~ ^{to} enough to run the little business, Mr. X decided to go to work for someone else. He got a job as a helper to a lady who was running the town high school/cafeteria. He worked at the cafeteria ^{while} ~~during~~ school was in session, but during the summer vacation he worked ~~in the~~ farms. He worked at the ~~d~~ cafeteria for seven years, and lost his job when the lady he was working for was displaced. He then worked ~~on~~ a farm in Sacramento

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for a year, but the early part of last year he got a position as an interpreter in a herb store in Vallejo. His present position pays him a nice salary, and he intend to go back to China around next year to ~~his~~^{the} son he has ~~never~~ seen.

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Mr. X is ~~a Chinese~~, and was born in the City of Canton, China in 1875. Mr. X was the sixth child in a family of nine children, and his father was a successful tea container manufacturer in Canton. Mr. X came to America in 1890, but prior to his coming two older brothers had preceeded him to America, and had established in the town of San Jose a store. The store was a combination of an herb and grocery store, and it also sold lottery tickets. On his arrival in this country Mr. X went to work at the store in San Jose, ~~and~~ Two years later the eldest brother went back to China, and five years later the remaining brother went back, and the store was left to Mr. X. The store made good money, and in 1902 Mr. X married a girl from San Francisco. In 1907 just ~~as~~ Mr. X had stored thousands of dollars of imported goods from China his store was destroyed when a big fire wiped a large part of the town out. Mr. X suffered a severe loss in that fire, ~~for~~ as he was only able to save his account books, ~~but~~ ^{However,} he recovered two thousand dollars in gold pieces, ^{which} he had hidden away, ^{and} ~~as though it was melted~~ ^{the pieces} he was able to redeemed ~~it~~ at the mint. Mr. X then moved his family, which now consisted of two children, into Stockton where he opened another store. The store in Stockton was much like the one in San Jose, dealing in the same line. Mr. X made money, and with the steady income began investing his money in other lines, ~~these investments~~ ^{which} also paid him ~~a~~ dividends. Mr. X retired from business in 1930 when he turned the business over to his oldest son who has his education from the College of Pacific in Stockton. Mr. X only ~~son~~ ^{also} graduated from the University of California two years ago, ~~his~~ ^{his} other son is also attending the University at Berkeley.

Mr. X came to America in 1898. He was born in China in the City of Hong Kong in 1878. His father was a successful merchant in that city and Mr. X four brothers, and two sisters had a very good education. When Mr. X was about nineteen years old his uncle bought him over to America to go in business with him. On their arrival in San Francisco his uncle opened an exporting and importing good business. Mr. X worked for him as it was his uncle and father plan that Mr. X worked for awhile to learn the business, and then to have him take over the business. After working for four years Mr. X took over the store, but in 1906 he lost the business when it was destroyed by the fire. He then moved over to Oakland, but the following year came back to San Francisco, and picked a site where he was going to open a bazaar business. After picking the site, and while the building was being erected, he went back to China where he bought merchandise for his store, and also while in China Mr. X married. In 1909 he came back to America with his wife. He opened his new business immediately, and his store in the following years became the best known bazaar store in San Francisco. In 1921 business started to dropped, and in the following years his store lost money. In 1926 he sold out his store, and in 1928 started working as a clerk in another bazaar store. Mr. X now has two children, one of them is eighteen years old attending a local high school, and the other one is sixteen years also attending a local high school.

Mr. X did not mentioned this, but it is a known fact that during the years his store was failing he sold narcotics, and used his store for a blind. The police in

1925 raided his store, and found it in possession of narcotics. This forced him to sell his store in 1926 to provide fund for his trial, but he was found guilty, and after serving a year in San Quiten he was parole in 1928.

Birth Customs

CHINESE

RACIAL SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MOTHER-TO-BE.

The expectant mother is advised not to see any parade in which grotesque idols are displayed, for fear the sight of them may in some way mark the unborn child.

Warnings are given to the pregnant woman not to raise her arms too high over her head, nor to hammer nails into the walls, nor to walk too far, in order that she may not have a miscarriage.

She is likewise advised not to eat too large a quantity of crab, shrimp, pineapple, or bananas. These foods the Chinese believe will cause eczema or some form of skin eruption upon the child.

She is also warned not to mend her shoe while it is on her foot, for if she does this, her child may be born with some toes grown together.

When a Chinese woman has given birth to a child she is told not to drink any cold liquids, not even cold water. Everything she drinks must be warm.

According to Chinese belief the new mother is filled with what they call "cold wind air". Her body at this time must consequently be treated in order that she may rid herself of this cold air. Therefore the Chinese conclude she must have warm fluids, and must eat a particular dish, made of pigs' feet and ginger cooked in Chinese vinegar. (Chinese vinegar is made from rice.)

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This food is always cooked for the new mother and she is advised to eat it for one month after the birth of her child. She may eat it several times a day, but eat it she must. If she does not have this mixture of foods, the Chinese believe she will suffer from any number of various ailments in later life. For they believe it is extremely dangerous to allow this "cold wind air" to remain in her body, and this spicy dish is a certain and sure means of removing what appears to them a very injurious thing.

In regard to this custom, I asked a doctor (a young Chinese who received her M.D. at the University of California) if she found this tradition in existence among her patients in San Francisco. She said it was a prevailing custom, and, so long as it did not appear harmful, she did not advise her patients against it.

A large pot of this food is kept on the stove ready not only for the mother, but for all friends who may come to visit her and pay their respects to the new arrival. For one month this food is prepared, during which time the mother is always at home.

When the Chinese call for the first time on the mother and child, the custom is to bring some silver coins wrapped in red paper. These small packages, as I understand, are not given to either the mother or father, but laid near or upon the infant. Presents are also given but generally after one

month, when the banquet is held. Baby showers and presents are never given before birth, as is the general American custom.

The most important ceremony for the baby is one held when he or she is one month old. At this time close friends and relatives are invited and it is a festival of rejoicing and happiness, one of the essential features of this celebration is the appearance of red-dyed eggs, ordinary hens' eggs colored; but unlike our multi-colored Easter eggs, the Chinese use only red. The ginger, pigs' feet, and vinegar dish is present, of course, and another special dish, chicken cooked in wine. There may be other foods, but the three mentioned are considered of prime importance, if not absolutely necessary.

According to one Chinese woman, this dish of ginger, pigs' feet, and vinegar is rarely cooked unless there is a birth in the family. Consequently whenever one smells the aroma of the dish, he immediately supposes there has been a birth in the vicinity. However, once in a while, some one breaks the rule and makes the dish "without benefit of birth," thereby causing considerable speculation and occasionally much puzzlement. I asked Miss Lee if this dish could be ordered in a restaurant. She assured me it could not be procured there. However, another Chinese woman said it could be had in almost any restaurant. Incidentally, it is said to be a very delectable food.

STERILITY

If there are no children, one of the Chinese beliefs is that the wife's body is in a weakened condition. Consequently she takes various tonics made from mandrake.

Mandrake the Chinese consider a highly valuable root, possessing supernatural powers. The roots of this plant resemble somewhat crudely the bony structure of the human body, and the more closely the roots resemble a body, the more potent and the more expensive it is.

So positive are the Chinese that mandrake is in some way possessed of human properties, they say it moans and groans when it is drawn from the earth.

There is also another belief in connection with sterility, that has to do with the graves of ancestors. If the graves are incorrectly placed or if the ground is too wet around them, the Chinese believe these factors will affect the family tree.

(I am not certain whether this belief is applicable to ancestors of both husband and wife.)

CONCERNING MIDWIVES

In reading Dr. Palmer Finley's book, "The Story of Child-birth", I found the following statement: "The Chinese people in San Francisco have dropped their native custom of employing midwives and are using physicians, often of their own race. There is no higher maternal or infant mortality among them than among the residents of San Francisco in general".

I inquired into this and found the situation to be as Dr. Finley had written. However, the reason for this apparent advancement in scientific methods is not due to any desire on the part of the Chinese women to have physicians when their children are born, but is due to the fact that they now must have birth certificates.

This reason was given to me by a young Chinese woman. I then asked a Chinese doctor if it were true, that there were practically no midwives in Chinatown. She answered me, "The majority of the women have doctors". I asked if it had anything to do with getting birth certificates. "Certainly", she said, "it has all to do with it".

**(Note: According to California law a physician must, if possible, be in attendance at child birth. The birth must be registered and a birth certificate is of very great importance to the native-born Chinese.)

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Medical - Childbirth

- Shaver

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Here, now and

1887

1887

Peter Chu
National Minority

Dec. 6, 1935

A Chinese Marriage and It's Ceremonies.

In the land of old Cathay, marriage is serious undertaking between the two parties concerned. Not only the boy and girl who ~~has to~~ ^{must} go ~~thru~~ ^{through} life together, but the parents of both parties have a greater responsibility than those in the occidental continents. The welfare of the two young people depends very much upon the parents of both the boy and the girl. In olden times the boy ~~was~~ ^{was} eligible to have a home, as we say in this country. In China, to have a home ~~is~~ means very little to the boy, because he depends entirely upon his parents for his livelihood as well as ^{for care of} his life. He has not the independent attitude of the youth of America. The boy has nothing to say about his marriage; ~~it is~~ ^{he is} picked for him. ~~that is the girl is.~~ In most cases, he doesn't see his wife until the wedding day, be ~~the~~ ^{he} good or bad, that is in appearance and size. He is to be satisfied ^{with} what ever she may be and however she may look. There are many, many disappointed couples ~~who have~~ ^{who have} gone ~~and many are going thru~~ ^{and many are going thru} life together ~~but~~ ^{but} are seemingly satisfied. Their consolation is that the sky wishes it that way. It ~~is~~ ^{is} some what means what we say here, God wishes it to be so. In some extreme cases the bride, ~~kills herself rather than to go thru~~ ^{kills herself rather than to go thru} the planned marriage. ~~for her~~ ^{for her} after seeing the bride-groom, in such a case trick is being played by the side of the boy or the reward for the match is so great that the match-maker uses tricks to induce the girl's parents to grant the match. The girl in a case like this is usually beautiful. The Chinese have a saying that when one of the party is good looking the other one is usually the opposite.

The match is made by ~~the~~ ^{in which} the fathers of the boy and girl. Many incidents occurred ~~that~~ ^{in which} the fathers were very great friends, ~~and~~ ^{and} openly agreed that their children ~~should~~ ^{should} marry. Many agreements of this nature are made before the birth of their children. So in cases like these, what chances of choice ~~the children have~~ ^{the children have} The fathers wish to continue their relationship ^{and} ~~thus plan~~ ^{thus plan} the lives of their children. Many lives are ruined by such foolish agreements. When other matches or matrimony are made or recommended by the immediate members of the family, or friends of the family. When it comes to matrimony, the Chinese have a saying that is rather significant and unique. It says "Bamboo-door to bamboo-door and wooden-door to wooden door". The bamboo-door refers to the poor people and the rich as a rule have nice wooden doors. ~~The rich have~~ ^{The rich have} a large wooden door that closes at night for protection, and a light carved ornamental door ~~that is used for~~ ^{that is used for} use in the day time. So just looking at the door is sufficient to know that the house is of the rich or the poor. ~~no ever~~ ^{no ever} Regardless of makes the match between the two parties, ~~the~~ ^{the} investigation is being made by both sides, the side of the boy ^{and} the side of the girl. They trace back three generations ^{as to} ~~as to~~ sickness

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disease and character of the family. This is very important to both parties. After the two sides are contented with the unofficial investigation as to the history of the two families, the boy's family then make preparation to make an offering to their desire Buda. This is usually a cooked chicken and a strip of pork. The pork can be roast pork or boiled. The chicken is specially prepared, and is killed and cooked by the mother of the boy. The chicken must have all its parts, that includes both extremes the head and the feet, and the liver and gizzard. The intestines too are cleaned with salt and vinegar and rice flour. These too are cooked with the chicken. This particular chicken must not be tasted by any one. Even if some tastes the broth, then sincerity is considered lost. With the food the special paper and incense are brought to the temple where the desire Buda is. Upon the arrival at the temple, the mother places the food in front of the Buda. She lights the incense and places it in a provided bowl for the purpose. Then she burns the paper offering and makes known her visit to Buda. Then she places chop sticks and small cups for the wine that she brought with the other cooked food. The three little cups are filled with wine and then poured out either on the floor or in some receptacles that is being provided in some temples. Then to know whether the Buda approves or otherwise, two pieces of wood which resemble two half eggs, only larger in size are obtained from the priest or the caretaker of the temple. Then the mother asks Buda whether he approves of the intended match and drops the two pieces of wood on the floor. If the pieces of wood face up or down, the match remains questionable, but if the pieces of wood, one faces up and the other faces down, the match is approved from Buda. All is done in greatest of sincerity, for in their belief he is the supreme power as far as belief is concerned. After the offering and ceremony is over the worshipper is about to leave, then the priest or caretaker comes to take a portion of the food that was used in the offering. It is understood that he is entitled to it as a courtesy from the worshipper to the priest or caretaker. While worship is taking place, incense is being burned at home to show respect to Buda. The marriageable age of the boy is as young as fifteen and the girl as young as fourteen and some times twelve years old. Youthful marriages usually occur among the richer people, for the parents are very anxious to be called fathers and mothers-in-law. The happiest time for the mother of the boy is having grand children, especially when offspring of a male. That accounts for the early marriages of the children, for the parents have all the say. If the two parties are agreed, the date of the wedding is to be settled. The finality of setting the date is also to be approved and approved by the almighty Buda. Same offering and ceremony is gone thru again. If a definite date is set the parents of both parties busy themselves by making preparations for the coming wedding day. The boy's parents say

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to give the girl's parents so many thousands of cakes, so many barrels of wine, so much sea-food ~~product~~, so many geese, so many chickens, so many ducks and so on along the line of food materials. ^{there is} Then, so much cash for the girl. As a rule the cash for the girl is usually placed in one of the trunks or wooden boxes of dowry ~~which~~ ^{which} comes with the bride. Yes, we mustn't forget about the many roast pigs and raw pigs and what not. Then the boy's side makes great preparation for the great feast on the wedding day. Some times thousands of friends ^{and} relatives, both far and near, come to the celebrated event. Thousands of dollars are spent on some of these weddings. Some times caterers ~~has to~~ ^{must} be engaged from some distant cities. ^{and} The girl's folks ~~at the~~ large wedding, supply her enough clothes to last her all her life. Some times a maid ~~or two~~ accompanies ~~and~~ ^{and} attend the bride. With the bride, come many servants ~~who~~ ^{and} carry the many cases and trunks full of clothes, ~~much~~ ^{and} furniture for the bride's room. With the many boxes, come ~~such as~~ ^{other containing} a cow and a lamb and many cases of sweetmeats. The sweetmeats are to be given out later on by the bride to the kiddies of the families ~~who~~ ^{who} come to join in the joyful event. Before leaving, the girl withdraws from all company and remains in a place where there are no males present. The Chinese call this period the seclusion ~~period~~ ^{period}. This period lasts ~~for~~ ^{for} about five days, ^{and} during all the time, the future bride cries and cries, and in a sing-song tone leaves messages to every member of the family. These messages usually are tunes of good will, for a bride in China, is more or less a servant of the husband's family.

At the approach ~~to~~ ^{to} the boy's village, musicians from the husband's side are in ready to greet the on coming bride and the long line of people ~~who~~ ^{who} carry the many belongings of the bride. With music in full blast, ~~and~~ ^{and} fire crackers banging, and some times saluted by so many guns, the bride is then greeted by her husband and his ten attendants consisting of his fellow cousins or classmates. These attendants are formed or banded together for ~~the~~ ^{the} one purpose, and that is, ^{to} at one another's wedding. After the on coming people have let their burden ~~to~~ ^{to} the ground, the bridegroom, followed ~~by~~ ^{by} his attendants, then approaches the rickshaw-like structure ~~which~~ ^{which} contains the bride. The bridegroom then with his hands folded ~~and~~ ^{and} gives one bow toward the sky, and with his fan, he knocks the door. Then the two elderly attendants open the door for the bride to come out. These attendants are elderly women who can take care of all the needs of the bride. Instead ~~waiting~~ ^{allowing} her to walk out, one of the attendants carries ~~the~~ ^{the} bride on her back into the house, followed by the rest of the caravan. At the entrance of the bride's room, the groom stands as high as possible, at least higher than the bride. This means that the husband is higher than the bride in every way. ~~This won't do in the United States. In China, the~~ husband is the absolute master of the house. ^{Then} the bride passes by the husband, and again with the aid of ~~the~~ ^{the} fan in hand, lifts the cover ~~that covers~~ ^{that covers} the head of the bride.

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This is first time any one on the groom's side has a look of the bride. The bride retires to her room. The bride is always dressed in beautiful clothes. The cloak is always in bright red color, ~~but~~ ^{the} red ~~to~~ the Chinese people signifies gladness or happiness. The outer gown is tied with several knots, ^{and} these knots must be untied by the groom. Before all this happens the bride, with ^{the} assistance of her attendants and with all the friends and relatives around the room, serves her husband with two cups of wine. The groom must by all means drink the two cups of wine. After that is over refreshments ~~are~~ served to all. Then the bride serves tea to her husband, the immediate members of the family, and then to all guests. For every cup of tea served, she is rewarded with a coin wrapped in red paper, ~~which~~ ^{usually} placed in the cup after tea is drank. All the guests are well prepared with coins wrapped in ~~such~~ ^{the} manner. Then the bride retires after all ^{the} guests ^{have} made their exit. The groom spends his night out with his attendants some where else. The next day the bride and groom go ~~thru~~ ^{thru} the regular formalities of worshipping their ancestors. Then a selected elderly man of the community pronounces them man and wife. The bride ~~then~~ rests a little while, then the great banquet begins. The groom and his associates appear at every table to have one drink with his guests and thank them for their appearance at his wedding. Following that, his mates in attendance hand ~~x~~ him a bowl full of some particular nut wrapped with a green leaf. He bows to them all and then serves the nuts. Every guest takes one and in return place also a coin wrapped with red paper. Then comes the bride with her attendants (the two old ones) with cups filled with tea. The bride covers her face with her fan. But to serve tea she has to use her hands, ~~so~~ with both of her hands holding ~~the~~ ^{the} both tips of the fan she ~~kneels~~ ^{kneels} a little. This is a usual courtesy greeting from a bride. Then she has to ask all the guests to have a cup of tea. This is done at every table. The fun begins when the bride is very timid, and the guests requests her to repeat several times. After the tea is served and ~~thank~~ ^{the} the guests, and in every cup she is rewarded with a coin in red paper, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~large~~ ^{large} or gold coins, ~~the~~ ^{the} rest, ~~are~~ ^{are} wrapped with red paper. From the banquet ~~she~~ ^{she} retires to the table given to the bride and her attendants. At this table she does'nt eat, but watches the others. After the feast, daily routine takes place.

This kind of ceremony is still practiced in all parts of the United States among the Chinese people, ^{although} ~~they~~ more modernized in many ways. The bride goes ~~thru~~ ^{thru} all the routine too, but people here haven't ~~as~~ ^{as} much time, so usually only one banquet is given. The practice is not in use as much as before ~~on account of that~~ ^{because} it is so expensive to carry out.

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BURIAL AND SHIPPING OF BONES

The custom of sending the bones of deceased male Chinese back to China has been one of the most important examples of the ties between California Chinese and their homeland.

The burial service was only the first stage of this means of interning the dead. It was, in the case of the rich and unamericanized Chinese, a pagent-like ceremony with hired mourners, musicians, and many pall-bearers. At the grave a table was set with food, and wine and tea were poured upon the ground. This caused a white lawyer once to ask an interpreter, "Why do you put food on the graves of the dead? Do you expect them to rise up and eat it?"

"Why do you put flowers on the graves of your dead?" the Chinese replied. "Do you expect them to rise up and smell them?"

But the responsibility of the living to the dead was not ended with burial. In almost all of the contracts the Chinese signed in relation to their labor or passage there was a clause guaranteeing the return of their bones to the tomb of their ancestors. A long line of ancestors buried in proper sequence in the family tomb assured their descendents of proper protection. The Six Companies took care of this vitally important task for their members and the few penniless Chinese outside of their protection were almost certain to be taken care of after death by a subscription fund paid by some of the wealthy merchants.

The representatives of the Six Companies had to calculate closely the time it took for the body to decompose. The usual time that they waited before removing the bones was six months. This seems like a phenomenally short time for total decomposition but we are assured that nothing remained by that time but dust and bones.

The procedure after the coffin was opened was standard at all times. The longest bone would be taken out and measured and a box was constructed of its length, two feet wide. Each bone was dipped in a bucket of brandy and water and polished until it shone. The polishers were careful never to touch the bones and handled them with a sort of giant chop-sticks arrangement.

Few women ever had their bones shipped back to China in this way as there was no particular point in having any but male ancestors in the family tomb. Today there are few if any Chinese who observe this custom.

The procedure after the coffee was opened was as follows:
1. The coffee was weighed and measured and
a box was constructed of the length, two feet wide, and
height in a basket of wicker and water and polished until it shone.
The coffee was then placed in a box and sealed and handled
then with a knife as usual coffee is handled.
The women were not permitted to go to China in this
way as there was no permission for leaving and this was
the only way for them to go. There were two Chinese who
observed this.

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